

# THE ATHLETIC

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**ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.**—The MONTHLY MEETINGS of MEMBERS will RECOMMENCE on FRIDAY, November 3, and be continued in the first Friday in the ensuing months. Great George-street, Westminster. The Chair taken at Four o'clock. The ANNUAL MEETING for 1849 will take place at SALISBURY, on the 10th of November. President, the Right Hon. SPEAKER HENRY, M.P. The ANNUAL MEETING will take place in the second week in MAY, and the ANNIVERSARY DINNER in the course of that month. 11, Haymarket, Oct. 28.

**THE GREAT PEACE CONGRESS.**—A PUBLIC MEETING of the Friends of Peace will be held at EXETER HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING, October 31st, 1848, to receive M. VISCHERS, Counsellor to the Belgian Government; M. FRANCISQUE BOREVYH, Member of the French National Assembly; the BARON SURINGAR, of Holland; ELIHU BURRITT, Esq., of the United States; and WILLIAM EWART, Esq., M.P., the President and Vice-President of the late Peace Congress at Brussels, when a REPORT of the Proceedings of the Congress will be presented, and other important matters bearing on the PEACE QUESTION, will be submitted to the Meeting.

M. HINDLEY, Esq. M.P., in the Chair. Several Members of Parliament, and other Gentlemen of eminence, are expected to take part in the proceedings. Doors open at Five o'clock. The Chair to be taken at Six o'clock. N.B. Seats reserved for Ladies.

**MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES** for the WINTER COURSE will be commenced on the following dates, at the several towns named below:—

Hull.....Oct. 16	Greenock.....Nov. 20	Ayr.....Jan. 22
Berwick.....Oct. 21	Rothsay.....Nov. 23	Kilmarnock.....Jan. 29
Birmingham.....Oct. 25	Strirling.....Nov. 27	Paisley.....Feb. 5
Leeds.....Nov. 1	Falkirk.....Nov. 3	Edinburgh.....Nov. 13
Bradford.....Nov. 8	Alloa.....Nov. 10	Dalkeith.....Nov. 19
Pontefract.....Nov. 15	Dunfermline.....Nov. 17	London.....March 1
York.....Nov. 22	Dundee.....Jan. 8	

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The basis of Sir Robert Kane's argument admits of an easy recapitulation. He has the perspicacity and good sense to perceive that at some very early period there must be an end, and a summary and decisive end too, to the present system of subsidizing Ireland from English and foreign sources. Sir Robert Kane addresses himself to the landlords and upper classes of Ireland; and he tells them, with a candour of speech to which they have been too little accustomed, that the time has come when Irish means must provide for Irish exigencies—that England will no longer exercise self-denial in order that Ireland may escape the pressure of misfortune and the penalties of improvidence—that the farmers of Norfolk, the mill-owners of the great county palatine, and the burgesses of Liverpool will not permit themselves to be inundated with a periodical influx of Irish pauperism, and hence that Irish property must prepare itself to maintain the Irish poor—that wholesale emigration is a scheme which even at the best and under the wisest control can only assuage the evils of a future rather than diminish the difficulties of the present time—that admitting these facts to be undeniable, they lead to an inference which is equally irresistible, and that inference is, shortly, that Ireland can only meet these new burdens by one of two courses: either the population must be diminished, or the wealth—that is, the produce natural and artificial—of the country must be increased. In a Christian land and in the nineteenth century, you cannot decimate the people as Tamerlane extinguished the inconvenient pressure of his conquered subjects. An Irish pauper is a British subject,—and a British subject can fall back upon what is really the poor man's Magna Charta, the famous Statute of Elizabeth. The dilemma therefore has in truth only one outlet, and that outlet briefly comes to this—that the agriculture of Ireland must be made to extract more food out of the land of Ireland. This is the first step. If you extract more food you

will have more surplus,—if you have more surplus you will have more rent,—if you have more rent you will have more wealth,—and when you have more wealth you can pay more taxes, and sooner or later it is reasonable to suppose that an affluence of resources will bring with it a wider sphere and a more diversified description of enterprise. It is reasonable to suppose that growing potatoes and eating them will no longer be the staple occupation and the monotonous doom of Irishmen; but that, as in more prosperous lands, the pressure upon exclusively agrarian sources will be relieved by the growth of towns, the progress of the arts, and the success of manufactures,—that Connaught will contain as many miners as it contains cottiers,—that Galway will no longer present a barren shore to the Atlantic, but in some of its spacious creeks or commodious anchorages will raise up a rival Carthage and a new Bristol,—and that in the valleys and upon the streams of that interesting south-west corner of Ireland marked and fashioned by nature to be the seat of successful handicraft there will grow up a race of men who, as wielders of the hammer and drivers of the shuttle and skilful workers in design, will introduce into their country some of those rich rewards which wait only upon the union of industry and art.

Holding these opinions, Sir Robert Kane very naturally regards the existing system of cottier agriculture as the root of all evil in Ireland. He sees, and he says, that with cottier holdings you can have no real progress in the character of the cultivation. The farms are too small, the tenants too poor, the rents too high, and the produce too miserable to admit of anything but the distressing results with which a sad experience has made us familiar. What, then, is a cottier tenant in Ireland? We suspect that few Englishmen can precisely answer. By far the best description of this class of cultivators has been given by Mr. Mill, and we will quote the substance of his outline.—“Cottier tenure includes all cases in which the labourer makes his contract for land without the intervention of a capitalist farmer, and in which the conditions of the contract, especially the amount of rent, are determined not by custom but by competition. \* \* The produce on the cottier system being divided into two portions, rent and the remuneration of the labourer, the one is evidently determined by the other. The labourer has whatever the landlord does not take; the condition of the labourer depends on the amount of rent. But rent being regulated by competition depends upon the relation between the demand for land and the supply of it. The demand for land depends on the number of competitors, and the competitors are the whole rural population. The effect, therefore, of this tenure is to bring the principle of population to act directly on the land, and not, as in England, on capital.” And, shortly, the result comes to this, that, as population increases daily and the land does not increase at all, the rent of the land ascends with the population and the ability to pay it descends in the same degree. At some point or other this process must inevitably stop. In several parts of Ireland there is reason to believe that it has stopped already. Subdivision has been pushed to its farthest extreme,—indigence has reduced the outturn to its most beggarly morsel,—and pauperism has swelled the numbers to be fed to the uttermost margin of that inexpressible degradation which has rendered the south of Ireland a byword in the mouths of all mankind.

There is, then, this question:—You want more produce out of the land. You cannot have more produce upon the present plan,

How is it to be changed? Will you adopt the large-farm economy of Norfolk and the Lothians, and extract by means of large capital and enormous machinery the utmost particle out of the capacity of the soil? The answer, as given by Sir Robert Kane in the tract before us, seems to be conclusive. You cannot adopt this species of remedy, for two reasons:—first, because it requires more capital than Ireland has to spend,—and, secondly, because it employs fewer people than Ireland has to feed. Then, will you adopt such a modification of the large-farm system as shall still leave the main part of the operation in the hands of wealthy agriculturists,—but so far changed as to substitute *spade* labour for animal and machine appliances? To this, again, Sir Robert Kane replies, that while the population might have found employment the landlords would have lost their rents by the absorption of the whole produce between the wages of the workpeople, the capital of the farmer, and the remuneration of the farmer's skill and risk. There is, lastly, a third supposition:—instead of large farms and wealthy middlemen, suppose that the surface of the country is divided into allotments large enough to find constant employment to the family of a single peasant, what will be the result? This is Sir Robert Kane's project. He contends (and, we think, with considerable reason) that by this contrivance of small farms the sharpest angles of the difficulty will have been cut off. The population will have found employment, the landlords will have obtained larger and more secure rents, and the grand point of augmenting the produce will have been effectually achieved. There remains the difficulty of capital. You cannot have a patch of fourteen acres of land cultivated as it ought to be by a peasant farmer unless he has a proportionate capital. Now, if a farm of five hundred acres requires at least 6*l.* an acre to work it with effect, you will have 84*l.* as the requirement for a patch of fourteen acres. Sir Robert Kane conceives that this is not a sum which, as a body, the small farmers of Ireland would find it difficult to raise. He believes the poverty of his countrymen to partake in a great measure of the only quality which is infallibly associated with everything Irish—exaggeration. Sir Robert Kane thinks that insecurity, high rents, and the visits of the tax-gatherer have impelled many a hoard into obscure hiding-places and reckless savings banks:—and he calculates upon the beneficial change which he proposes for restoring these secreted treasures to their wholesome and legitimate purpose. There can be no doubt of the existence of immense sums under these barbarous conditions. Mr. Tidd Pratt brought over with him from his savings-bank inspection at least one fact that will survive the occasion. The rumour of his arrival and of his mission excited a popular revolt in the poorhouse of one of the places upon his list. The malcontent paupers scaled the walls of the building, and rushed with terrific impetuosity, pay-book in hand, upon the astonished functionaries of the savings bank. We candidly confess that this is one of those utterly intractable facts which upset all the calculations of ordinary prudence when Ireland is to be the field of experiment. And, excellent, sagacious, and enlightened as are the propositions of this pamphlet, we close it with the melancholy conviction that its reasonings will have no force and its warnings excite no terror among the people for whose benefit it is written and to whom it is addressed.

The concluding paragraphs, which we transcribe, contain an epitome of the whole plan.—

“The landlords have therefore to learn the very important lesson that they are in trade, that they

have a business to mind, and that if they do not understand and mind that business it will go to the bad, and the concern will be a losing one. Even in Ireland, the hospital for the aged and disabled ideas of Europe, feudalism and the divine power of land is dying—its worn-out form crushed by the iron power of the industrial spirit. It is therefore the part of the intelligent landlords to extricate themselves from the ruins of a system of society which has passed, and adapt themselves to the circumstances of that which is growing up. They should recollect that the Megatherium was the monarch of an antediluvian world; but he is only the curiosity of the modern museum. They are the natural leaders of society. They are, as a class, the greatest holders of property—they ought to be the best educated and the most influential. Let them lead the people in the career of instruction and industry which must be the business of society for the next century, and they need have no apprehension of any interference with property or diminution of social influence or of political power. In conclusion, we would sum up the points we have endeavoured briefly to illustrate in this article, and we would treat the consideration of the landlord and tenant classes to them.

"1. That it is the simple right of an owner of land to sell or let it at the highest price the market will afford.—2. That as the rent of land is practically a proportion in money of the value of the produce, the better the land is cultivated the higher rent will be paid.—3. That Ireland has a population of 8,175,354 persons who must be supported from the produce of the land, and of these that 5,276,345 are directly dependent on the land for subsistence.—4. That if all Ireland was cultivated in large farms of 500 acres, on a plan the same as that pursued in the most improved parts of England and Scotland, there should be 3,351,242 persons, paupers, unemployed, whose annual support would cost at least ten millions sterling.—5. That by a judicious system of spade husbandry, employment could be given to those paupers, replacing horses and machines in the farms, and costing the same as what the horses and paupers should cost on the former plan.—6. That on both plans so much of the produce should be absorbed by poor-rates and labour that little or none should remain for landlords' rent.—7. That the same men, working on farms of their own for their own benefit, will work harder and better than working for daily wages.—8. That consequently a class of small farmers will raise more produce, consume more manufactured goods, contribute more to the national finances, and pay higher rent to the landlord, than a class of large farmers and labourers, or paupers occupying the same country.—9. As a money speculation, therefore, small farmers will pay better than large, provided they know how to farm.

"Provided they know how to farm. It is the school and not the workhouse that is wanted. It is the agricultural teacher and not the process server who should appear as the minister of the landlord's intentions to his tenantry. It is instruction in the art by which he is to live, and pay his debts, and bring up his family, that the State owes to the people, to the people of all classes, of all religions, of all ranks. From the peer to the peasant all require industrial education. We do not want to see Ireland an universality of small farms. We have shown that small farms, as a class, would pay the landlord better than large farms; but we do not think that an absolute equality of social or agricultural rank would be desirable, or even if desirable, that it would be possible. Indeed a universal system of small farms would be impossible from want of men; for the average number which we have found the population of Ireland to supply for that object,—that is, fifty-five labourers for thirty-six farms of fourteen acres each,—would be by no means sufficient. There are not enough of people in Ireland for small farm culture. On the other hand, an inevitable and first step in improvement is to transfer the pauper cottiers who, not living, but existing on their acres or half acres, or even three or four acres, are neither farmers nor labourers, have neither occupation nor industry, and give by their misery and inactivity a false idea of what the small farm cultivation might be and is elsewhere. That class must be changed partly into small farmers and partly into labourers on large farms, for a mixed system of farms of all sizes, from

1,000 acres to 10, would probably produce a higher standard of work and greater produce than any uniform system the tendency of which is stand-still if not retrograde. A class who could afford to try experiments with plants or with machines, a class who would introduce or adopt novel ideas and plans, a class who would express and defend the agricultural interests,—all these are important uses of an admixture of large farmers with the small. And what would be more natural, more calculated to bind the interests of landlord and tenant together, to bring the various classes of rural society into harmonious contact and co-operation, than if our younger gentry, as a class, in place of smoking on a racecourse or begging for a place in the police were to be large farmers. We do not mean merely to have land and cattle, and a herd, and to waste under natural pasture for a few cows the soil that should be growing food for hundreds; but that they should do as some few with us, but as almost all of their class now do in Britain—take to the farm and work. They would be initiated in their industrious virtues as they are now slavishly followed in their inactive vices. They would be each for his district a guide and an example. They would appear then to the people as their superiors in their own business, and would dignify agriculture in place of exposing themselves to the not complimentary criticism of the thinking classes, by the airs of patronage with which they condescend to encourage that which is the means of their support and should be the great object of their attention."

We cordially recommend Sir Robert Kane's pamphlet to the attention demanded at once by the importance of its objects and by the ability with which they are treated.

*Camaralzaman: a Fairy Drama.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. Ollier.

THOUGH the name of a fairy drama suggests a mere piece of "child's-play," more famous men accredited as poets and romancers have failed in similar tasks than those who have succeeded. Perpetually resorted to as the empire of Oriental Magic and the cloud-land of Northern Superstition have been (oftentimes under a futile hope of evading the difficulties of probability in invention and construction), it by no means follows that the Seers have been generally favoured with true visions,—even when their pilgrimage has been made in serious faith and after a novitiate of due preparation. La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hogg, Andersen and Mary Howitt are almost the only modern writers who have brought us home credible news of what passes within the "rainbow rim" of Elf-land. Moore's *Peri*—all glittering as she is in eastern jewellery—has nevertheless an incurable touch of conscience and Christianity in her composition. The supernatural agents who float through the pages of Southey's romances have always been felt by us to be too unreal and remote; while, nevertheless, they assert themselves as creatures wrought out by the anxious labour of the brains of Contrivance. Scott gave exquisite promise in his early ballad of 'Glenfinlas'; and his wonderful familiarity with the goblins and sprites of every country under the moon is a matter of history. Yet, in his *White Lady of Avenel*, he proved to no one more clearly than to himself, that in one branch of the Black Art the wand of his ancestor, Michael the Sorcerer, was a mere mortal rowan switch when he wielded it. Lastly—no offence to Messrs. Lover, Crofton Croker and others—the Irish fairies of late so gaily evoked smell of mountain dew and the smoke of the *dudheen* as much too strongly as the talking elf who lectured Sir John at Herne's oak was redolent of the Rabbit of the Principality.

If, then, the masters of fiction and song are found to have been but sparingly successful in this most delicate and fantastic exercise of imagination, who could with any reason have expected a triumph or a novelty from Mr. G. P. R.

James? Sooner could we have looked to him for a *Cookery Book* that was to outdo M. Soyer's, or another *Interpretation of the Prophecies*, or a *Dahlia-grower's Manual*, or a *History of the German Navy* that is to be, than for a new or true version of the story of the *Loving Pair* who were destined for each other in their cradles "by the mark of the star." Then he has treated his task like a trifle, or one in which there were no hopes of his succeeding. He has not even "got up" the East by a study of the *Koran*, or *Sacontala*, or *D'Herbelot*, or *Jones*, or *Ouseley*. A solitary fine speech about a shell

—lying on the shores of Indian seas,

is almost the only mark of locality which his oriental drama affords us. Now, this same "Indian shell," as all our readers know, is the commonest of common properties in every poet's curiosity-shop. With our author, again, July is hot and December cold. His *Mephistopheles* talks of "rheumatism" and "honeymoons;" his lyrics run in the lute-measures of the *Victoria Theatre* and *Sadler's Wells*—*ere Sadler's Wells* dealt with the *Ariels* and *Perdits* of Shakespeare. This incurably English tone of Mr. James's '*Arabian Night*' might in part have been excused had the legend possessed other claims on our sympathies. But the good planets have not made Mr. James either a dramatist or a lyricist. His human interlocutors are tedious and flaccid; and we see and hear the wood and wire of which his Genii are constructed at every flapping of their wings. He piques himself on having fitted up "a new devil;" but, alack for mortal self-delusion! the Creature reminds us of nothing so much as "the lady all skin and bone" of the nursery ditty,—regarding whom the poet was conscientious enough, in his very next line, to assure us that

Such a lady there never was known!

The *Danasch* of Mr. James is innocent of vice or venom. When he fancies himself droll he is only dismal. We will let him speak a little;—first, in metrical description of the Princess *Badoura*.—

Oh, she's very lovely! If I had  
But flesh, I think I'd find a way to win her.  
It's surely very sad, as well as bad,  
To long, without the power, to be a sinner.

She will not wed—so people think her mad;  
And close within that palace walls they pin her.  
When any one's so wise, mankind are glad  
To say she's cracked, or else—the devil's in her.

The following is an agreeable piece of family history tendered by *Danasch* to a fisherman, whose notions of Respectability received a shock by the miraculous skill with which the speaker saved himself during a storm.—

My mother was a duck,  
Who dined with a pelican one day,  
Became enamour'd of his big-bill'd son;  
And being cross'd in love, as most ducks are,  
She tried to drown herself without success.  
Then, as the next best thing that she could do,  
Foiled in heroic suicide, became  
The wife of a rich cormorant. His son  
Comes of a swimming race, you see. Water  
Has small effect on me.

But the placid reader may hope that, albeit Mr. James's devilry be calculated to produce small excitement even in the little world of those who fraternize with dolls and wear pinafore armour, the love in his lay may possibly be luscious—and its sentiment sweet, if not strong. To satisfy their curiosity, they shall be indulged with *Camaralzaman's* contemplations of the lady of his choice, while the latter lies elegantly asleep.—

Fair one! dear one! bright one! sweet one!  
Ah! unclothe those violet lids, and lift thine eyes to meet  
one!

Through ivory teeth and parted lips—  
Pearls coral beds adorning—  
The fragrant breath is pouring forth,  
Like Araby at morning.



The heart's red tide through those blue veins  
In thrilling streams is rushing;  
And warm upon thy velvet cheek  
Youth's dawning light is blushing.

All, all is life, save those dear eyes,  
Fast lock'd in death-like slumber:  
Wake! lest I rob thee, in thy sleep,  
Of kisses without number.

Fair one! dear one! bright one! sweet one!  
Ah! unclose those violet lids, and lift thine eyes to meet  
me!

Badoura, too, shall open her coral lips (as  
well as "her violet lids")—and sing the follow-  
ing ditty for the benefit of the public.—

Her eyes are like fountains in light of the morning;  
From the depth rises up the clear stream of the soul.  
The soft waving tresses her fair brows adorning,  
Round the mind's ivory palace, in dark masses roll.

Kind Heaven, from the young rose's inmost recesses,  
Has gather'd the hues on her soft cheek to rest;  
And the lips, on which thy lip in fancy now presses,  
Are skies of warm crimson around the bright west.

Like the swan's is her soft neck, as white and as slender;  
Her eyelids' pale morning still fringed with the night.  
Her face as a child's is all timid and tender,  
Her voice is the balm-bearing breath of delight.

Is this enough? Nay, those whom such toys  
concern shall enjoy one specimen more. This  
is a *duetto* between a lad and a girl, rich in  
such bloom and "odious savours sweet" as  
might satisfy a *Thiaby's* self.—

Enter a LAD and a GIRL, bearing between them a basket  
of fruit and flowers.

Girl.  
Fruit! fruit! Buy fruit!  
[They set down the basket, and sing.]

Duet.

Lad.

Oh, tell me how the garden grows,  
Beside the living stream?

Girl.

There fruits and flowers, in equal rows,  
Bask in the summer beam.

Together.

There are berries,  
And cherries,  
And violets blue.

Lad.

Like the skies,  
Or thine eyes?

Girl.

What's that to you?

[Spoken.] Fruit! fruit! Buy fresh fruit!

Girl [sings].

The melon, from the passing rill,  
With cool drops fills his heart.

Lad.

And orange-blossoms balms distil,  
To ease the lover's smart.

Together.

And tansies,  
And pansies,  
Drink up the dew.

Lad.

From the skies,  
Or thine eyes?

Girl.

What's that to you?

We hope that all young gentlemen and ladies  
of a tuneful and tasteful disposition are now  
contented; and that, after such liberal citations  
as the above, we shall be excused from any  
analysis of the drama as a drama, or from any  
outlay of those profound remarks which are  
legitimately to be expected when a "play's the  
thing." But ere we part with Mr. James, our  
readers shall enter with us into the confessional,  
to listen while he narrates the temptations which  
impelled him to the commission of what he so  
justly calls "a literary sin."

"There are excellent folk amongst the public  
who will ask, reasonably enough, 'How can Mr.  
James have vacant hours when he writes so much?'  
Has he not published this very year, &c. &c. &c.?'  
Nevertheless, such is the case, I do assure the gen-  
tlemen; and, except when driven by dire necessity  
—when some publisher's rod is lying heavy on my  
shoulders, or an action for breach of contract looms  
like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, I have some  
leisure time in the day. Not that I mean to say  
there is exact verity in a wonderfully amusing  
account of my habits, published some years ago in  
France, where the author declares: '*L'après-midi il  
se livre aux plaisirs de la chasse avec ses amis*;' for I  
certainly neither hunt nor shoot every day of the

year: I wish I could. I certainly do sometimes  
take a gun in my hand, and sometimes, to use our  
fine vernacular, 'get on the outside of my horse,' (I  
have never heard of any one since Agamemnon's  
days who has tried the inside); but still there are  
times and seasons when the law prevents our seeking  
field-sports, and the weather gives us a hint to stay  
at home. It was at such moments, in the spring  
of last year, that the following pages were written,  
when I found that playing at chess bored me—  
especially when I was beaten—and when the  
*cacoethes scribendi*, which has become chronic, was  
strong upon me. That which amused my leisure  
hours then, may now amuse the leisure hours of a  
few others, and this is all the author expects or can  
gain from the work."

The author's end has been fully attained.  
We have been amused; and any one desiring  
participation in the pastime cannot do better  
than study 'Camaralzaman' for himself,—since  
the drama is maintained with unabated spirit  
till the curtain falls on

—the love that renews its own fire!

*A Visit to the Western Coast of Norway.* By  
W. Wittich. Cox.

THAT there have been great men of whom the  
world has known nothing has been expressed in  
one fine line—and has passed into an aphorism;  
—that great men know nothing of themselves  
has not been so generally conceded. A self-  
consciousness, it is contended, accompanies the  
possession of power. Mr. Long, however, who  
has contributed a portion of the short biographi-  
cal notice which precedes this narrative of  
travel, remarks of its author that he was "a  
man of real genius, though some who knew him  
knew it not,—and," adds the critic, "I believe  
he did not know it himself." The merits of  
Prof. Wittich as a geographical writer have long  
been familiar to the initiated: that his name  
has not become more public is a result due to his  
having been mainly engaged as an anonymous  
contributor to the *Penny Cyclopædia* and other  
similar serials—works which have been the  
hiding-places of many a gifted mind. But how-  
ever this may be, the style and substance of this  
publication are their own recommendation.

At what time Mr. Wittich undertook the  
voyage of which the present volume is the  
result we have no intimation in its pages. This  
is a fault. In a book of travels it is expedient  
that we know the period when the observations  
recorded were made. If we have been rightly  
informed, the time here included extended from  
June to September of last year; but the omis-  
sion to state this is an instance of careless  
editing.

In his younger years Prof. Wittich had re-  
peatedly visited the Alps of Switzerland. In  
gazing on the prospects from the Righi and  
Faulhorn he was struck with the idea that if  
anything similar could be met with in the imme-  
diate vicinity of the ocean, "a picture of nature  
would be formed by their concurrence which  
would unite in one view all objects on which  
the stamp of extreme grandeur and beauty had  
been impressed." Having heard that an im-  
mense mountain-mass existed in Norway "which  
on three sides is surrounded by the sea, and  
whose summit for many miles in length and  
width is coated by a continual and thick cover-  
ing of snow," he resolved "to see and examine  
these extraordinary scenes with his own eyes."  
Such is the origin of the present publication;  
which now appears as an original work in Mr.  
Knight's 'Shilling Monthly Volume.' It would  
then, we think, to the advantage of this and  
other serials if the fact of originality were always  
notified on the volumes to which it may apply.

Prof. Wittich embarked with a friend "at the  
beginning of June in a Norwegian vessel, bound  
from Hull to Stavanger," from which place they

were conveyed to the town of Bergen. On  
their way thither our traveller was made to feel  
the special burthen of solitude on the waters  
amid barren scenery, during the passage through  
Karm Sound.—Of his powers of description,  
one of the earliest pictures, the account of the  
Matre Fiord, might be adduced as an example:  
but we prefer quoting a passage connected with  
the favourite topic of the book—the Tops of  
Mountains.—

"The country lying on the east of the Sør Fiord  
attracted my attention particularly. The view of  
them gave me an insight of the difference of the  
structure of the Alps and the mountain-masses in  
this part of Scandinavia. These masses do not, as  
in the Alps, present a continual succession of pointed  
peaks, sharp-backed ridges, steep declivities, deep  
ravines, and narrow valleys. Their upper surface  
extends nearly on a level. Near the fiord their steep  
sides rise to 3,000 feet or more, but then their surface  
ascends by a gentle slope inland, so that at a distance  
of several miles they only attain an elevation of about  
a thousand feet more. Farther on the whole appears  
to be a level plain, where only a few isolated summits  
rise perhaps a thousand feet above it. These hills  
were still covered with snow, and we were told by  
our guide that they never lose it entirely. But  
between them are large tracts which are free from  
snow, and on which cattle are pasturing in the months  
of July and August, until the winter sets in on these  
elevated regions, which takes place at the end of the  
last-mentioned month. The peculiar structure of  
these mountains explained to me a passage of Pont-  
oppidan, which I had read in my youth, and which  
up to this time appeared to me unintelligible. When  
this Bishop of Bergen, in his 'Account of Norway,'  
speaks of the difficulty of making roads in those  
parts of the country which border on the sea, he  
adds that the only way of getting a sufficient number  
of roads would be to lay them out on the top of the  
mountains, which, however, was rendered difficult  
and almost impossible by their being too much  
encumbered with snow. The idea of laying out the  
roads on the top of the mountains appeared to be so  
strange, that it never escaped my memory. When  
travelling with some countrymen in Switzerland, I  
mentioned it accidentally, and as we then were just  
in view of the peaked Alps of Bern, all of us were  
convinced that a more extravagant idea had never  
been conceived than that of the Bishop of Bergen.  
But now I had an opportunity of convincing myself  
that this idea was far from being extravagant. I now  
perceive that on the top of the mountains east of  
Sør Fiord roads could be carried for great distances  
without encountering greater difficulties in their  
level than in the plains of Warwickshire, the patches  
of snow over which they would have to pass, even in  
the midst of summer, being indeed the only hin-  
drance."

From the mountain-tops we will descend into  
the Valleys.—

"Turning round the pillar which was standing on  
our right, we had before our eyes, and at a short  
distance, another cataract, which, as we were in-  
formed, is called the Ekdals Foss. \* \* Before we  
reached the cauldron into which the Ekdals Foss  
pours its waters, the path again began to ascend the  
southern acclivities of the valley. Partly on these  
acclivities, and partly on the summits of the rocks  
themselves, the path continued to run until we  
arrived on the shores of the Samnanger Fiord, which  
is about ten miles from the Ekdals Foss. We fre-  
quently caught a view of the valley lying below us.  
It was so narrow, and the steep rocks which inclosed  
it on either side approached at their base so near  
to each other as scarcely to leave space enough for  
the torrent running through it to press its foaming  
waters through the narrow channel. The impossi-  
bility of making the footpath run along its banks was  
apparent enough. At one place the opening between  
the two rocky masses was so narrow that I did not  
think it impossible to leap across the chasm; but I  
do not think it probable that any person will ever  
make the attempt, as the rocks were at least five  
hundred feet above the bottom of the valley. For  
six or seven miles no change in the formation of the  
valley took place; but then the rocks receded on  
either side to a short distance, and between them



was a small basin, the largest portion of which was occupied by a lake, the Förländband. Here we could again feed our eyes with the traces of human industry. On the banks of the lake were a few huts, surrounded by patches of cultivation. Below this lake the valley is somewhat wider, but even here it has not been possible to lay out the path along the banks of the river, which increases in velocity as it approaches the fiord, which it enters at Tosse, foaming and tossing and rolling on in a continuous rapid, which in many countries would be considered a beautiful cataract. The peculiar formation of the valley I have just described struck my imagination with great force. I could not remember ever to have seen one of a similar shape in the Alps or in any other mountainous country I had visited. It appeared to me quite peculiar in its kind, and I wished to collect as much information respecting it as should come within my reach. When after our arrival at Bergen, I had become acquainted with the most intelligent and instructive natives of that place, I turned the conversation several times to this subject, all of them appeared surprised that I should consider the formation of this valley as anything peculiar, and they assured me that nearly all the valleys of Norway were of the same description; and thought it strange that the valleys of the Alps should be differently formed. As most of these gentlemen had seen a great deal of their own country, though none had travelled far from it, I had an opportunity of collecting many facts relating to this subject. They all agreed that the valleys of Norway resembled one another greatly, except in length and width. They appear to be nothing but rents or chasms, narrow at the bottom, but not much wider at the top, their upper opening, between the edges of the mountains which inclose them, being frequently not twice as wide as the bottom, and their sides consequently very steep. At no place in this part of Norway is a valley to be found in the shape of a basin or trough, surrounded by gently sloping acclivities. In the interior of the country the valleys are exceedingly narrow and deep. Their bottoms are frequently not a hundred yards wide, and rarely more than two hundred across; and these narrow glens are inclosed by rocks which rise to three thousand and even four thousand feet and more. Their bottoms are besides thickly strewn with large stones and fragments of rock, similar to those we have seen in the valley of the Vöring Foss. In this way very little space remains which can be made available for the production of food for man or beast, and therefore settlements are rarely to be met with in these narrow glens. Towards the sea-coast the valleys are much wider, but even there few are to be found whose bottom exceeds a mile. The lower portion of their declivities is less steep, forming, commonly, a slope varying between 30° and 40°, so as to be accessible. This slope, however, is rarely of one piece with the rocks to which it is attached, but consists mostly of single pieces of rock and debris which have been detached from the sides of the mountains, and lodged at their bases. It is commonly overgrown with stunted birch, which at some places has been removed, wherever the soil has been found fertile enough for the production of grass. But above this slope the rocks rise with such a steep ascent as to prevent the earthy particles from being lodged on their surface. Therefore they are entirely devoid of trees, bushes, or grass, and no traces of vegetation are observed, with the exception of a few lichens. In these valleys nearly all the agricultural settlements of the country are found. The bottom, though comparatively narrow, and also at some places encumbered with loose pieces of rock, frequently affords considerable tracts, which are made available for cultivation or converted into meadows. As the mountains enclosing these wider valleys are rarely so elevated as to rise beyond the line of vegetation, the more level portions of their upper surface are in summer clothed with grass, which affords pasture for cattle during four or five months of the year. But these mountains are of such extent, that in this part of Norway they occupy more than nineteen twentieths of the country. This disproportion between these elevated mountains and the extent of the valleys is the true reason why Norway is more thinly inhabited than any other country in Europe. This disproportion is still further increased by the wider part of the larger valleys being filled up by the sea. For the

numerous fiords with which this part of the country is indented in so striking a manner, are the lower parts of the valleys, and resemble them exactly in their formation, except that the bottom, being depressed below the sea-level, is filled with water. For if those parts of the fiords are excepted which lie in the immediate vicinity of the ocean, it is found everywhere that the mountains inclosing them rise to a great elevation, and with an almost unbroken and steep acclivity. It is really surprising to what a distance from the open sea these inlets extend. The Sogne Fiord, for instance, which is found at some distance north of Bergen, runs up between high rocky masses, and its innermost recesses are nearly a hundred miles distant from the ocean. The largest valleys in the Alps are not so long."

This extraordinary conformation of the Norwegian valleys and fiords caused much speculation in the Professor's mind. But we pass over his reflections, apposite as they are, in favour of the following description of a Norwegian sunset.—

"The high and steep rocks which compose the islands lying opposite the entrance of Sogne Fiord suddenly rose in view. Their broken outline and pointed summits engaged our attention and gave it a new stimulus. Whilst we were walking and examining the different shapes in which these rocks presented themselves to our view, as we were advancing towards their base and passing outside of them, nature was preparing for us a spectacle of the most attractive beauty. Just as we arrived opposite the islands the sun was approaching the western horizon. The lower part of the sky, bordering on this horizon, was sprinkled with numerous fleecy clouds extending lengthwise parallel to the horizon. No sooner had the setting sun reached this cloudy region of the sky, than it invested the spaces between the clouds with a lively yellow, which towards their margin assumed a hue deeper than that of gold, whilst the clouds themselves were clad in the most brilliant red, which at some places passed into a deep purple. In silence and with a deep emotion we gazed upon this splendid scene until our eyes became dazzled by the wide effusion of light, and as they turned away they met the high rocky masses lying at our back, whose summits were still illumined by the last rays of the sun, whilst their base, resting on the sea, was already involved in the shades of night. Prompted by an involuntary impulse, we turned our eyes from one side to the other. As the light faded gradually away, the animation of our feelings passed insensibly into a greater degree of seriousness, and when we at last found ourselves involved in a darkness which only permitted us to distinguish the masses, we were seized by that sentiment of awe which is only to be imparted to the mind by viewing such extraordinary contrasts as we had witnessed a few minutes before."

Another of those descriptive passages in which the striking characteristics of Norwegian scenery are powerfully brought out occurs in the description of the promontory of Stadland.—

"Between the Bukke Fiord and this promontory the continent of Norway at no place fronts the open sea, being everywhere separated from it by a band of islands of different dimensions; but the promontory of Stadland is a tongue of land connected with the mainland, which stretches across this band of islands and terminates with a steep descent in the depth of the ocean. We quickly approached this mass of rocks, and I know not that I have ever in my life seen an object more calculated to fill the mind with admiration and awe. The rocks of which the promontory is composed, do not indeed attain a very great elevation. I do not think that anywhere they exceed a thousand feet above the sea-level. But their upper surface and their sides display a ruggedness which, I believe, cannot be surpassed by the wildest imagination. The peaks and short ridges with which these masses are crowned, are so close to one another that they appear to be separated only by narrow clefts. The declivities of the rocks also consist of narrow ridges, terminating at their tops in edges of singular sharpness. At some places, especially along the south-western side, they rise to 500 feet and upwards with such steepness, that in all this

height they do not appear to deviate more than a foot from the perpendicular line. This characteristic, which was visible everywhere, convinced me that the atmospheric changes and moisture must have little or no effect on these rocks; they have not been able in the lapse of years to wear off the sharpness of the edges, though in summer they are frequently assailed by north-western and in winter by south-western gales. In looking at them one is induced to suppose that the upheaving by which they have been produced, has only taken place lately, and this idea is much favoured by their entire nakedness, for no traces of vegetation are discoverable. Though the outsides of these masses exhibit in all their extent, I may say, undeniable signs of their having been upheaved by a force acting with inconceivable violence, they themselves are apparently so closely connected as to constitute one continuous whole. Nothing in the world can afford a more lively picture of an *orbis fractus*; and well has one of the native authors said, that this part of the coast of Norway has an exact resemblance to a world in ruins. If one may venture to suppose that a disruption has really taken place, I should say that it is not the mere outer shell of our globe that has been distorted here, but that by one of the great convulsions of nature its very nucleus, its kernel, has been broken in upon. What must once have constituted the centre of the earth has here been turned outside. When these rocks were broken, the whole globe must have trembled at the concussion of the conflicting forces."

Such, however, is the grandeur of Norwegian scenery, that with all his descriptive power Prof. Wittich frequently expresses his apprehension lest he should have failed to convey even a faint idea of its peculiar sublimity.—We must borrow his curious description of the mountain of Trolltinde.—

"The mountain I am speaking of goes by the name of the Trolltinde, which signifies 'bewitched needles.' This term, however, is not properly applied to the mountain itself, but to the strangely shaped figures with which its top is crowned. They are not situated on the same side of the valley on which the Romsdalshorn is found, but nearly opposite to it, among the southern mountains. The rocky masses on which the figures rest exceed probably the elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, and their sides are as steep or, if possible, still steeper than those on which the horn is superincumbent. The Trolltinde, or Bewitched Needles, are placed on the very edge of these masses. These are a considerable number of isolated rocks, of different sizes and shapes, standing close together. They resemble in some degree a number of chimneys of different height, or huge statues left in a rude and unfinished state. Some of them look like pillars, others like obelisks, and others have the form of wedges; a few are wider at the top than at the base. It is difficult to determine their height from the distance at which they are seen, but I should think that several of them must be more than fifty feet high. The width of these rocky masses is very inconsiderable in proportion to their height. Considering this circumstance, it must be a matter of astonishment how these rocks, situated at an elevation which exposes them to the full fury of the gales to which this region is subject, have been able to keep their position. In looking at them one would think that no great force would be required to detach them from the rocks on which they stand and hurl them into the valley. Yet they must have been standing there for many centuries, and have resisted all the changes of the atmosphere and many most violent storms. I have never seen anything approaching them in shape and position, and I venture to assert that the wildest and most creative imagination could hardly conceive stranger and bolder peaks than those which nature offers at this place to the eyes of the astonished traveller."

For much more of the same peculiar kind we must send the reader to the volume itself.—The late Mr. William Wittich, we may state, was German Professor at University College, in London. He was a native of Eastern Prussia, born at Schwarzort in 1782,—and he died on the 19th of February in the present year.

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*Westward for Smelts, an Early Collection of Stories.* Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. Printed for the Percy Society.

It is with no pleasure that we find ourselves returning to the subject of Mr. Halliwell's editorial pretensions; they having reached, as regards his recent exhibitions, that point of the "absurd" which if he appeared only in his own name might be safely left to the natural consequences of such a "reduction." But this is another of the Percy Society's publications; and considering the attitude which that body takes before the public, we are not at liberty to pass over such an abuse of the purposes for which it is instituted. That Mr. Halliwell publishing on his own account would obtain no money from the public by these issues would be a sufficient corrective of the flippancy that offers them; that a Society which has already taken its money from the public should impose such issues on its subscribers as the promised value for which it has subscribed is a matter that requires the correction of those who assume to be literary assessors for the public.

'Westward for Smelts' is a curious collection of tales deserving of being reprinted, independently of the question whether or not it furnished Shakespeare with any hints for 'Cymbeline' or suggested to him the locality for his 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' But in the same proportion that it deserved to be reprinted, it deserved to be decently edited; and the whole of Mr. Halliwell's editorship consists of a Preface which is the merest trifling, and just such a series of trivial or erroneous notes as signalized his last literary contribution to the Percy Society [see ante, p. 827.] As we have said, we will go somewhat out of our way to produce that which its mere worthlessness would have protected from our animadversion if it had not the sanction of a Society established on a pretence of useful publication.

And first for Mr. Halliwell's Preface; which is as follows.—

"The following collection of tales is reprinted from a tract, supposed to be unique, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Steevens mentions an edition of 1603, but no copy bearing that date is now known to exist; and Mr. Collier believes, but without assigning any reason beyond that afforded by negative evidence, that the impression of 1620 is the earliest. The question is of some importance, for supposing Steevens be correct, Shakespeare might have read 'Westward for Smelts' before the composition of 'Cymbeline.' In the latter case, he must have referred to an earlier version of the tale on which the drama is founded, probably to Boccaccio. Readers of mediæval literature will at once recognize the tales of the fishwives as modernized versions of stories which had long previously been published in various collections and in great varieties of form. They are not, however, to be viewed as important illustrations of the latter: it is rather as exhibiting the popular English literature of that age that they are to be regarded as worthy of publication. Their curiosity and value in this respect will be at once acknowledged."

Now, who from a perusal of this Preface would suppose that Mr. Collier in his edition of Shakespeare (Vol. VIII. p. 136) had adduced in support of his belief that 'Westward for Smelts' was not published until 1620, the opinion of Mr. Halliwell recorded in his edition of the 'First Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor,' printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 135,—that "not finding any notice elsewhere of such an edition, and there being nothing in the Cambridge copy to indicate that it is a reprint, I am inclined to think that Steevens must have fallen into an error. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in January 1619—1620." Certainly this is a somewhat circuitous mode of getting up an authority.

Mr. Collier quotes an opinion of Mr. Halliwell which is merely inferential; and Mr. Halliwell then rests the original argument on Mr. Collier's broader shoulders, taunts him with having adopted it "without assigning any reason beyond that afforded by negative evidence"—and then is ready to start his own argument anew with that confirmation. That is, Mr. Halliwell, by a sort of literary legerdemain, is in a condition to corroborate himself by himself;—Mr. Halliwell by himself is supported by Mr. Halliwell as quoted by Mr. Collier.

The Notes match the Preface: and that the reader when he peruses the following list of trivialities may not suspect us of invidious selection,—nor suppose, as he might naturally, that a number of well-considered and judicious comments are left unquoted in the pages whence these are taken,—we present our readers with the whole (two only excepted) of the illustrations which a literary antiquary, with a Society of pretension at its back, has thought fit to append to a little tract that does not in truth contain half-a-dozen passages presenting the least obscurity to the ordinary reader. The two exceptions which we have made are of examples omitted by us from reasons having no reference to their merit. If Mr. Halliwell thinks otherwise, he has it in his power to produce them against us.—

Page 5. Butter-boxes.\*

\* A cant term for Dutchmen. See *Miege* in v.

Page 7. Fearing they were in a swoon.  
*Swoon.* A common archaism.

Page 9. Outward parts.\*

\* Outward parts. An expression used by Shakespeare in his *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. 2.

It is very true that the expression is used by Shakespeare; and overloaded as his writings have been by the labours of the commentators, it has not occurred to a single one of them to hang an archaeological peg on this. It was reserved for the critical acumen of Mr. Halliwell to find in the simple phrase an occasion of showing his acquaintance with another book than the one he happened to have in his hand.

Page 10. Met.\*

\* Measured.

Ibid. *The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford.*\*

\* Malone refers to this tale as having probably led Shakespeare to lay the scene of *Falstaff's* love adventures at Windsor. There seems to be no real ground for such a conjecture.

Page 12. Crosse.\*

\* Misfortune. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. 1.

—And Johnson's Dictionary, Mr. Halliwell might have added!

Page 14. What a taking.\*

\* Fright or consternation.

—Here, too, Mr. Halliwell might have referred to Johnson's Dictionary.

Ibid. Entertained her with half a dozen gadding queans.\*

\* That is, called her those names six times!

Page 16. Her tale was pleasant but scarce honest.\*

\* Honourable, chaste.

—Dr. Johnson had anticipated Mr. Halliwell in this explanation.

Page 20. Her Tale.\* (The Fishwife of Stand on the Green.)

\* This tale is borrowed from Boccaccio, whose novel is employed by Shakespeare in *Cymbeline*. It has been reprinted in *Malone's Shakespeare*, ed. 1821, Vol. XIII.

Page 21. As they continued loyal to man.

\* Chaste. See *Othello*, IV. 2.

—and Johnson's Dictionary!

Ibid. As free from disloyalty as the sunne from darkness or the fire from cold.\*

\* This serves to illustrate a passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. 4. "I rather will suspect the sun with cold than thee with wantonness." The folios incorrectly read gold.

Page 22. To bring you some manifest token of her disloyalty.\*

\* Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*.

If the reader will take our advice, he will do nothing of the sort. It will increase neither his apprehension of Shakespeare nor his admiration of Mr. Halliwell's commentatorial skill. The present note is written in a style peculiar to Mr. Halliwell. To his "see Shakespeare's 'Much

Ado about Nothing,' Act IV. and sc. 4." he should have added, in the words of the showman—"and then you shall see what you shall see!"

Page 24. And so went to bed timelier\* than he was wont.

\* Earlier. See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, II. 6.

—and Johnson's Dictionary!

Page 25. Separated with arras.\*

\* Tapestry made at Arras. (1)

Page 26. A wanton, a changeling.\*

\* One who changes. See 1 *Henry IV.* V. 1.

—and Johnson's Dictionary!

Page 33. Using him as respectfully.\*

\* Respectfully.

Page 36. In Boccaccio, the villain there named Ambrogiolo, was put to a cruel death, and his wealth, which was immense, was given to the injured wife.

Page 37.

Only in tongue

She was deform'd

Had that been charm'd.\*

\* Compare *Othello*, V. 2.

Do, reader!—"and then you shall see what you shall see!"

Page 39. One night above the rest.\*

\* Above the rest, especially. (1)

Page 42. Which his wife seeing, steep in bolting of him out.\*

\* An incident exactly similar to this occurs in the romance of the *Seven Sages*. See Mr. Wright's edition printed for the Percy Society, 1848, p. 48.

Page 45. Bearer witness, good Sir John.\*

\* This is, of course, addressed to the Priest.

Page 48. And the avoiding of worldly temptation.\*

\* Temptation—trial. So in an early Manuscript Poem.

Nor's any place exempted from TESTATION

Save Heaven, to ill that never had relation.

—So also in Johnson's Dictionary!

Page 49. No other entes.\*

\* Provisions. See *Taming of the Shrew*, II. 1.

—Another opportunity for quoting Johnson!

Page 50. Therewith 'gan he clip\* her in his arms.\*

\* Embrace. See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, IV. 8.

—See also Johnson's Dictionary!

Page 53. Without suspect.\*

\* Suspicion. See *Comedy of Errors*, III. 1.

Ibid. There having obscured himself.\*

\* Hid. Compare *As You Like It*, I. 1.

Page 62. That he made her sure for leaving apes\* in hell.

\* Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. 1.

Do, reader! and you will find such a contradiction between Shakespeare's allusion to the proverb and that of the writer of this tract, that any other editor than Mr. Halliwell,—who seems to delight in giving an explanation where none is needed, and omitting it when required,—would have had a few words to say upon the subject.

Page 63. For yonder is Kingstone, whose large and conconable pots\* are praised throughout England.

\* Alluding to the Kingston ale.

And this is all!—Now, why does the Percy Society lend its authority to the publication of Notes for the purpose of furnishing explanations that may be found in the commonest of our dictionaries? If the Council are tired of the existence of this Association, and desirous of bringing it to a close, let them entrust a few more such books to the present editor and they will be likely to accomplish their desire. If combination of means, literary and pecuniary, can produce nothing better than this, let us be left to get what we can from the operations of the ordinary publisher and the efforts of the individual author.

*The Women of the American Revolution.* By Elizabeth F. Ellet.

[Second Notice.]

Mrs. Ellet commences her second volume with a full symphony to the honour and glory of "Lady Washington," as the first President's wife was always called in the army. The marriage of Mrs. Custis to "the General" was brought about by an attack of love at first sight. We have frequently admired the amiable determination of the Americans to invest their hero with all the fascinations and graces of the Champion of Romance—a curious, though natural, want of faith in the dignity of his reality! Mrs. Ellet's account of his first meeting with her



whom he married bears a whimsical resemblance to the wooing of *Desdemona* by *Othello* done into prose—but by Mrs. Maury rather than by Mary Lamb. The following recollections are more to our taste.—

"The recollections of a veteran still living at Manchester, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-two, bear testimony to the kindness of Mrs. Washington towards those in the humblest sphere. One little incident occurred when she came to spend the cold season with her husband in winter-quarters. There were but two frame-houses in the settlement, and neither had a finished upper story. The General was contented with his rough dwelling, but wished to prepare for his wife a more retired and comfortable apartment. He sent for the young mechanic, and desired him and one of his fellow-apprentices to fit up a room in the upper story for the accommodation of Lady Washington through the winter. She herself arrived before the work was commenced. 'She came,' says the narrator, 'into the place—a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us: "Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here; and should like you to fit me up a beaufet on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other." We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven Mrs. Washington came up stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us; and after she and the General had dined, we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. Then we consulted together how we could smooth the uneven floor, and take out, or cover over some of the huge black knots. We studied to do every thing to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs on the wall, built the beaufet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood looking round, I said, "Madam, we have endeavoured to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you." She replied, smiling, "I am astonished! your work would do honour to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort." \* \* At one time the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief were at the house of Mrs. Berry, in New Jersey. While he remained here Mrs. Washington arrived. When the carriage stopped, and a female in a plain russet gown, with white handkerchief neatly folded over her neck, was seen, Mrs. Berry imagined her to be a domestic. But she was undeceived when the General went forward to receive her, assisted her from the carriage, and after the first greeting, began to inquire after his pet horses. \* \* Mrs. Wilson, a lady whose name is mentioned elsewhere in this book, has favoured me with an account of Mrs. Washington's visit to her father's house at Union Farm, the last time she came to that part of New Jersey. She was escorted by Major Washington and ten dragoons. She remained a day and night at the house of Colonel Stewart, and spoke much with his daughter concerning house-keeping and her domestic affairs. Her conversation is described as agreeable, and her manners simple, easy, and dignified. Among other particulars, Mrs. Washington mentioned that she had a great deal of domestic cloth made in her house, and kept sixteen spinning wheels in constant operation. She showed Mrs. Wilson two dresses of cotton striped with silk, manufactured by her own domestics, and worn by herself; one weighing a pound and a half, the other rather less. The silk stripes in the fabric were made from the ravellings of brown silk stockings, and old crimson damask chair-covers. Her coachman, footman, and waiting-maid, were all habited in domestic cloth; though the coachman's cuffs and collars, being scarlet, must have been imported. In the practice of this economy and moderation, as in the simplicity of her dress, Mrs. Washington appeared desirous of affording an example to others in inferior station. As late as 1796, Mrs. Wilson, inquiring for pocket handkerchiefs at a celebrated fancy store in Philadelphia, was shown

some pieces of lawn, of which Mrs. Washington had just purchased. The information was added, that she paid 6s. for handkerchiefs for her own use, but went as high as 7s. for the General's."

Mrs. Abigail Adams, whose sesquipedalian sentences have been already introduced to the English public by her published correspondence, was a sort of *pendant* to Mrs. Mercy Warren. The high flights of others among the revolutionary sisterhood are very droll when they are recounted with such perfect good faith as by Mrs. Ellet.—

"Mrs. Peabody formed an early and enduring friendship with Mrs. Warren, for whose character and intellect her letters express the highest respect. Her correspondence contains frequent remarks upon the prospects of the country and the movements of the army. 'Lost to virtue,' she says to John Adams, 'lost to humanity must that person be, who can view without emotion the complicated distress of this injured land. Evil tidings molest our habitations, and wound our peace. Oh, my brother! oppression is enough to make a wise people mad.' On her road to Plymouth to visit Mrs. Warren, her MS. journal mentions that she stopped at the house of Dr. Hall, where she dined on salt bacon and eggs. Three of the daughters were grown, and appeared sensible as well as pretty. 'But,' she says, 'in order to discover whether their sensibility reached further than their faces, I sat down after dinner, while they were quilting a very nice homespun bedquilt, and read in a book I had brought with me several detached pieces—'Virtue and Constancy rewarded,' 'Zulima the Coquette,' etc. This little memorandum throws light not only on the writer's character, but the manners of the time. The result appeared satisfactory: the young ladies being so well pleased with the reading that they begged their visitor to continue it."

We are disposed once again to repeat Franklin's illustration of "salt with his strawberries" when we come to the glorification of Mrs. Martha Wilson's "hoop petticoat, flowing train, laces, gimp, and flowers." The wearer of these vanities, however, mixed in stirring scenes. More Spartan (as Mrs. Mercy might have expressed it) was the style of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, whose home happened to be "over against" Fort Motte, on the south side of the Congaree river. Now Fort Motte was "invested by Marion and Lee."

"It was occupied by a garrison under the command of Capt. M'Pherson of one hundred and sixty-five men, having been increased by a small detachment of dragoons from Charleston a few hours before the appearance of the Americans. The large new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, which had been selected for the establishment of the post, was surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. Opposite, and northward, upon another hill, was an old farm-house, to which Mrs. Motte had removed when dismissed from her mansion. On this height Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had taken position with his force; while Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood; the valley running between the two valleys permitting the Americans to approach it within four hundred yards. M'Pherson was unprovided with artillery, but hoped to be relieved by the arrival of Lord Rawdon to dislodge the assailants before they could push their preparations to maturity. He therefore replied to the summons to surrender—which came on the 20th May, about a year after the victorious British had taken possession of Charleston—that he should hold out to the last moment in his power. The besiegers had carried on their approaches rapidly, by relays of working parties; and aware of the advance of Rawdon with all his force, had every motive for perseverance. In the night a courier arrived from General Greene, to advise them of Rawdon's retreat from Camden and urge redoubled activity; and Marion persevered through the hours of darkness in pressing the completion of their works. The following night Lord Rawdon encamped on the highest ground in the country opposite Forte Motte; and the despairing garrison saw with joy the illumination

of his fires, while the Americans were convinced that no time was to be lost. The large house in the centre of the encircling trench left but a few yards of ground within the British works uncovered; burning the mansion, therefore, must compel the surrender of the garrison. This expedient was reluctantly resolved upon by Marion and Lee, who, unwilling under any circumstances to destroy private property, felt the duty to be much more painful in the present case. It was the summer residence of the owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm friend to his country, and whose daughter (Mrs. Pinckney) was the wife of a gallant officer, then a prisoner in the hands of the British. Lee had made Mrs. Motte's dwelling his quarters, at her pressing invitation, and with his officers had shared her liberal hospitality. Not satisfied with polite attention to the officers while they were entertained at her luxurious table, she had attended with active benevolence to the sick and wounded, soothed the infirm with kind sympathy, and animated the desponding to hope. It was thus not without deep regret that the commanders determined on the sacrifice, and the Lieutenant-Colonel found himself compelled to inform Mrs. Motte of the unavoidable necessity of the destruction of her property. The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was 'gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight.' Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided. Everything was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow-shot, M'Pherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last. The scorching rays of the noon-day sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing resin and brimstone were attached. Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck, and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof. M'Pherson immediately ordered men to repair to the loft of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six-pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag, and surrendered the garrison at discretion."

For the sake of the costume no less than of the character displayed therein, we find room for the following anecdote.

"Ann Elliott, the wife of Lewis Morris, was born at Accabee. In Charleston, while the city was occupied by the British, she wore a bonnet decorated with thirteen small plumes, as a token of her attachment to republican principles; and for her patriotic spirit, was called 'the beautiful rebel.' Kosciuszko was her admirer and correspondent. An English officer—the second son of a noble family—who was billeted upon her mother, became so enamoured of her that he sought the good offices of one of her female friends to intercede in his behalf; and even offered, if she would favour him, to join the Americans. Miss Elliott bade her friend say to him in reply, that to her former want of esteem, was added scorn for a man capable of betraying his sovereign for selfish interest. She had before declined the gift of a splendid English saddle-horse, of which he wished her acceptance. She would not attend church, as she had been accustomed, in Charleston, while prayers were offered there for the success of the British arms; preferring to join in the service read at her mother's house, where petitions were put up for the downfall of the invaders. At one time, while Col. Morris, to whom she was then engaged, was on a visit to her at Accabee, the attention of the family was drawn to the windows by an unusual noise, and they per-



ceived that the house was surrounded by the Black Dragons, in search of the young officer, who had no time to escape. Ann went to one of the windows, opened it, and, presenting herself to the view of the dragons, demanded what they wanted. "We want the rebel!" was the reply. "Go and look for him in the American army!" answered the young girl. "How dare you disturb a family under the protection of both armies?" Her firmness and resolution conquered; and the enemy departed without further molestation."

The tragedy of Mrs. Caldwell's murder makes one of the darkest pages in this record; and few women, at least, will object to escape from it to Miss Kitty Livingston's order for finery from Nantes, and to the polite note from Washington inclosing the lock of hair by her requested. The adventures of a Deborah Samson may be added to the tales of those heroines, beginning with *Rosalind* and coming down to George Sand, who have found "doublet and hose" necessary to the assertion of their privileges and the carrying out of their designs. She joined the army in male attire; was wounded, and made love to by the niece of Dr. Binney, her medical attendant, according to the constant version of the story. There was no need—and, it may be surmised, as little warrant—for the touches of sentiment with which Mrs. Ellet has besprinkled the sequel of this often-repeated passage.—

"Her health being now nearly restored, the physician had a long conference with the commanding officer of the company in which Robert had served, and this was followed by an order to the youth to carry a letter to General Washington. Her worst fears were now confirmed. From the time of her removal into the doctor's family, she had cherished a misgiving, which sometimes amounted to certainty, that he had discovered her deception. In conversation with him she anxiously watched his countenance, but not a word or look indicated suspicion, and she had again flattered herself that she was safe from detection. When the order came for her to deliver a letter into the hands of the Commander-in-chief, she could no longer deceive herself. There remained no course but simple obedience. When she presented herself for admission at the headquarters of Washington she trembled as she had never done before the enemy's fire. Her heart sank within her; she strove in vain to collect and compose herself, and overpowered with dread and uncertainty, was ushered into the presence of the Chief. He noticed her extreme agitation, and supposing it to proceed from diffidence, kindly endeavoured to re-assure her. He then bade her retire with an attendant, who was directed to offer her some refreshment, while he read the communication of which she had been the bearer. Within a short time she was again summoned into the presence of Washington. He said not a word, but handed her in silence a discharge from the service, putting into her hand at the same time a note containing a few brief words of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her expenses to some place where she might find a home. The delicacy and forbearance thus observed affected her sensibly. 'How thankful!'—she has often said, 'was I to that great and good man who so kindly spared my feelings! He saw me ready to sink with shame; one word from him at that moment would have crushed me to the earth. But he spoke no word, and I blessed him for it.' After the termination of the war, she married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon. When Washington was President, she received a letter inviting Robert Shurtleff, or rather Mrs. Gannett, to visit the seat of government. Congress was then in session, and during her stay at the capital, a bill was passed granting her a pension in addition to certain lands, which she was to receive as an acknowledgment for her services to the country in a military capacity. She was invited to the houses of several of the officers, and to parties given in the city; attentions which manifested the high estimation in which she was there held. In 1805 she was living in comfortable circumstances, the wife of a respectable farmer, and the mother of three fine, intelligent children, the eldest of whom was a youth of nineteen. The Dedham

Register, dated December, 1820, states that during the late session of the court, Mrs. Gannett had presented for renewal her claims for services rendered to the country as a *Revolutionary soldier*. She was at that time about sixty-two, and is described as possessing a clear understanding and general knowledge of passing events, as being fluent in speech, delivering her sentiments in correct language, with deliberate and measured accent; easy in her deportment, affable in her manners, and robust and masculine in her appearance."

The story of Frances Slocum will at once be recognized by all readers of Mr. Cooper's novels as having been told by him in 'The Borderers.'—The exploits of Nancy Hart, "a honey of a patriot, but the devil of a wife," who shot and hanged some half-dozen "Britishers," claim a record in the Golden Book of *poissarde* and *guerrilla* female ferocity.—In the case of Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, as of Mrs. Bache, Mrs. Ellet manifests a superficial knowledge of her subject. That lady was an authoress; but her biographer, while she speaks of her verses, makes no mention of "the story of Maria Kittle," in which Mrs. Bleecker used her experiences of the civil war with a force and simplicity such as memory alone could command. Thirty years have elapsed since that tale was in our hands, yet the impression left by it is still present and vivid. We shall treat the reader to but one anecdote more—a passage of the "leaguer" of Fort Henry.—

"For many hours, after the opening of the siege, the firing of the Indians, eager for butchery, was met by a sure and well-directed fire from the garrison, which was composed of excellent marksmen. But the stock of gunpowder in the fort was nearly exhausted! A favourable opportunity was offered, by the temporary suspension of hostilities, to procure a keg of powder known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate. The commandant explained the matter to his men, and, unwilling to order any one upon an enterprise so desperate, asked who would volunteer for the perilous service. The person going and coming would necessarily be exposed to the danger of being shot down by the Indians; yet three or four young men promptly offered to undertake it. The Colonel answered that only one man could be spared, and left it to them to decide who it should be. While they disputed—every moment of time being precious from the danger of a renewal of the attack before the powder could be procured—the interposition of a young girl put an end to their generous contention. Elizabeth, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, came forward and requested that she might be permitted to go for the powder. Her proposition at first met with a peremptory refusal; but she renewed her petition with steadfast earnestness; nor would she be dissuaded from her heroic purpose by the remonstrances of the commandant and her anxious relatives. Either of the young men, it was represented, would be more likely than herself to perform the task successfully, by reason of greater familiarity with danger and swiftness in running. Her answer was—that her knowledge of the danger attending the undertaking was her reason for offering to perform the service; her loss would not be felt, while not a single soldier could be spared from the already weakened garrison. This argument prevailed; her request was granted; and when she had divested herself of such portions of clothing as might impede her speed, the gate was opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians straggling through the village, and it could be seen from the fort that the eyes of the savages were upon Elizabeth as she crossed the open space—walking as rapidly as possible to reach her brother's house. But probably deeming a woman's life not worth the trouble of taking, or influenced by some sudden freak of clemency, they permitted her to pass without molestation. In a few moments she reappeared, carrying the powder in her arms, and walked at her utmost speed towards the gate. One account says the powder was tied in a table-cloth and fastened round her waist. The Indians, doubtless, suspected this time the nature of

her burden; they raised their firelocks and discharged a leaden storm at her as she went on; but the balls whistled past her harmless—and the intrepid girl reached the fort in safety with her prize."

The above fragments, we apprehend, will be admitted as justifying our last week's remarks on the quality of 'The Women of the American Revolution,'—and also on the deficiencies of the chronicler who has here professed to collect their gallant deeds, their severe trials, and their poignant sayings.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Affection, its Flowers and its Fruits. A Tale of the Times.* 3 vols.—Aggrieved at the class-prejudice of too many modern fictions, and determined to "speak up" for the much-reviled rich and noble who have been largely therein placarded as the natural antagonists and trained oppressors of the poor—the author of 'Affection' here presents us with a "Counterblast" as remarkable as ever devised by earnestness and ingenuity. Having read certain novels by those wicked writers M. Eugène Sue and M. Alexandre Dumas, he has endeavoured to turn a favourite and effective expedient employed by them to better account than theirs. We are shown an English Prince of Gerolstein and Count of Monte Christo—possessing boundless wealth, boundless sagacity, boundless patience, and resolutely combining and employing all these for the purpose of punishing vice and rewarding virtue. Lord Saxondale's expedients, however, are entirely his own. He has a hospital for persons who have tried to drown themselves from our London bridges. He contrives by skilful manœuvring to force his son into an amicable duel: the young man having previously received permission to fight just one, and only one—on his own account—and afterwards no more without the fullest paternal sanction! Hearing that a wretched contributor to a Sunday paper is anxious to make market of his wife, Lord Saxondale, buys the lady, by way of extricating her from the toils of such a Belial. To illustrate and test the independence of a poor author, the same high-minded Arbiter tempts the garretteer to write a naughty book, that he may see the indignant refusal. The reader may be assured that the manner of narrating these miraculous interpositions consists with the marvels themselves; and he is, thus, sufficiently furnished with data for determining how far our author—on truth and fair construction bent—has succeeded in making out a case for the Cæsar-es and Aristocrats who have been so darkly painted in the score of books that we will not name.

*Charms and Counter-Charms.* By Maria J. McIntosh.—If it be permitted to draw any conclusions from the prevailing tone of many fictions, a large proportion of the men of the "New Country" must be uneasy in their minds. In the book before us, for instance, we find a sceptical gentleman who disputes the propriety of marriage,—undergoes the ceremony in order to satisfy the scruples of a beauty hard to be won,—presently becomes weary of her, and escapes to Europe in the train of one of those philosophical, passionate, fascinating widows, who are old acquaintances of ours—they having been pretty largely exhibited as temptresses and sirens in the stories of Amelia Opie. Mrs. Mabury's graces, then, and other pleasures of the same quality, are the "charms" which give half its title to this novel. But Miss McIntosh also sets forth the triumphs of "Counter-Charms." The patience of the wife,—the superior purity of her faith, attested by endurance and self-sacrifice—the intensity of her attachment,—wear better than the attractions of the Platonic friend. Accordingly, the Husband is won to subscribe to the long-tried opinion, that marriage is best—being charmingly reconciled with his wife, and "living happy ever after" with her: while Mrs. Mabury, the perverted and dangerous, in revenge at his desertion of her for respectability, enters a convent, and dies of a broken heart! Can productions like this be pictures of life? We think not:—yet their appearance, as we have said, is curiously frequent in Transatlantic fiction.

*The Czar, his Court and People; including a Tour in Norway and Sweden.* By John S. Maxwell.—Good books of American travel are very good,—as we have had pleasant reason frequently to

point out; but this last judgment of "the Czar, his Court and People" cannot be included in the list. Mr. Maxwell is one of those terse and epigrammatic describers who would knock off St. Peter's in a paragraph, and "do for" the Alps by a simple epithet. This mode is calculated to astonish the reader: but neither conviction nor clearness of impression necessarily follows a "word and a blow." So far from it, the victim may possibly be as much stunned as edified by the operation,—and praying to be delivered from *Young Rapid* as a *cicerone*, betake himself, by a natural recoil, to the most prosy of narrators as preferable and more profitable. Nor is Mr. Maxwell only brief and oracular in his descriptions—his pages are full of facts. It is not easy to admit the possibility of so many absolute truths being carefully collected;—more especially, since every one seems to agree that in no country under the sun is it so difficult to arrive at "the reality of things" as in Russia. We by no means conceive that Norway, Sweden, and the Empire of the Czar are exhausted—but we have long felt that to travellers as *exhausting* as Mr. Maxwell they can henceforward yield little which is new. As fresh a book as this might have been written in the reading-room of the British Museum:—and this judgment expressed, absolves us from the necessity of any extract.

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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

On Tuesday the 17th inst., the Session of the Faculty of Arts was opened by Prof. De Morgan, with a lecture which, considering the place of its delivery—the hall of an academic institution—was a sort of curiosity in its way. Its theme was the dangers of mere reading for examination, to the formation of sound habits and the permanent acquisition of useful information:—and though the argument was likely to be a little startling in certain quarters, the truths advanced were of that kind which will not be disputed in any.

The lecturer commenced by some remarks on the present period, as the beginning of the second twenty

years of the existence of the College. He recommended that all allusion to the opposition which the College had experienced in its early days should cease: reminding his hearers that the parties who had prophesied danger to religion and morals from the exclusion of theological teaching were also those who had called the repairs which the British constitution underwent at the same period by the name of wilful dilapidation. Feeling sure that themselves must confess the second prophecy to have been completely reversed, and that our institutions could never have stood the shock under which the continent of Europe is now reeling if they had not been strengthened by those reforms, he recommended that no further attention should be paid to the first, unless an attempt were made to appeal to experience in favour of it—which he was sure could not and would not be done. The lecturer then noticed the strong feeling which prevailed among the original supporters of the College in favour of the ancient academic disciplines, and the utter absence of all disposition to propose a radical road to education.

Characterizing the College as a reformer by birth-right succeeding to a firm and legal inheritance handed down by the old universities from remote antiquity, he hoped that its possessions would benefit by its function. He then proceeded to the main subject of the lecture.

In consideration of the younger part of his audience, and also to avoid raising controversial feeling, Mr. De Morgan confined himself almost entirely to warning the student against the dangers of mere examination reading, without discussing at length the question whether the system should be reformed. This reform, he was satisfied, would be made in time: and he reminded the audience that as punishments, which were once thought as essential a part of college machinery as rewards and honours, had long been abolished by conviction of their utter inutilty, so it need not be assumed as an impossibility that *competitive* examinations should one day give place to something of better result. He then proceeded to his view of the dangerous tendencies of the existing system; from which we make the following extracts:—

A student whose thoughts dwell upon his examinations only, and who reads for them as for an ultimate end—thinking of processes as to how far they will help him in answering the questions asked, and of results as to what their chance is of being in the printed papers—does not take a good mode of fixing anything in the mind for future use. It would be strange indeed if he lost everything; but I assert, as a matter of fact, that not only does the knowledge thus obtained quickly evaporate in great part, but the habits produced by such acquisition are of inferior soundness and less utility. I appeal to it as a fact which can be ascertained, and of which from observation I am fully satisfied. I admit the extraordinary character of the phenomenon—I agree that I should not have been prepared to expect it before-hand—and I do not profess to explain it; but so I am sure it is. At the same time, there are many analogous phenomena of intellect. I cannot explain how it is that persons engaged in the detail of business can learn to bear in mind things which it is essential to remember, through precisely the days or months required, and then contrive to forget all about them immediately; but, nevertheless, we all know the existence of this not merely spontaneous, but pre-arranged, power of forgetfulness. Still less can I explain how it is that an individual may, without much difficulty, train himself to awake from sleep not at a fixed hour, but at such hour as he shall determine over night to be necessary. But, though I cannot explain, I can easily group these observations, and deduce from them the existence of a mental machinery which looks almost as if the receptive faculties could charge the memory for a given time, and instruct it to make an entry of the moment of dismissal. And students may rely upon it, that the permanence of their acquisitions depends much upon the state of mind under which they are made:—I mean the state of mind with respect to what the knowledge is wanted for. We can tell what you have got; none but yourselves can tell what arrangement you have made for keeping it. And the want of power to distinguish is one of the material failures of all existing systems of examination,—a failure inherent in their constitution. So much for the question of actual knowledge gained by those who think only of examination. With regard to formation of habits and acquisition of power, the question might possibly have been one of more difficulty. We know that both habits and power remain after the matter on which they have been acquired has been forgotten. May it not be that this is the case even with those who never look beyond the examination? May there not be something worth having left behind even for them, as well as for those whose mode of study allows their acquisitions to be retained for a longer period? This would be a more difficult question to answer, because the observation which must give a conclusion must extend over a longer period. But the student to whom the question might arise almost always renders it unnecessary to ask it. He does not address himself to the subject of his studies with a view to the application of sufficient and deliberate thought upon one thing at one time. He employs himself in collecting without an attempt to

digest. He puts by his unfinished and half-learned material, to await the time when the examination is close at hand. Then, in the few days or weeks which precede the trial, he makes a rush at his erudite mass of ill-understood notes, and endeavours to charge his unfortunate memory with the whole of it. There is no time to think of a process, to disentangle a confusion, or to give invention fair chance of suggesting something for future consideration. All that is wanted is to show a mass of learning on the day of examination—to make one successful effort during a few hours. You will observe that in my allusions to examination, I have always spoken of *competitive* examinations. The predominance of the principle of trial of comparative strength is apt to mislead pupils, and has often misled teachers. The excuse for the latter is that they see the power of emulation as an excitement to study; for the former, that they cannot be wiser than their elders. On both views—the teachers and the learner's—much might be said of which I can only give a mere sketch. That emulation is a strong stimulus I fully admit; but to what does it stimulate? Its first effect is one which destroys the equilibrium of all seats of education in which any range is left to the student. Emulation is the desire of surpassing; but a student feels himself weak on others, not to self-respect. Does a student feel himself weak on any one point—does he know that his natural capabilities are greater in one branch of education than in another?—forthwith he begins to pay less attention, perhaps no attention at all, to the subject in which he is deficient, that he may concentrate all his energies upon that in which he hopes to gain a prize. If, indeed, a student in whom the desire of honour is strong were to remember that conscientious self-approval is, or ought to be, a necessary part of his acquisitions—if, firm in this principle, he should resolve that whatever honour is to be gained by him should not be paid for at so dear a price as the evasion of an obvious duty—if, further, he should see clearly that it is his duty to cultivate the whole mind, to develop its distinct powers, and not to allow some to wither that others might be over-trained—then indeed he would prove that the love of honour may lead to results of unexceptionable goodness. But those distinctions which are obtained by the spurious process of neglecting the weak points to secure the strong ones, arise from a yielding to a much less praiseworthy feeling. It cannot now be said that the feeling is akin to what is dishonourable,—because, in the widely-spread misapprehensions which prevail on the subject of education, the student of whom I last spoke is secure of the approbation of his friends and comrades, and does nothing but what is permitted. Nevertheless, the time will come when opinion shall pronounce the abandonment of the weaker points to secure the stronger an unfair manoeuvre, an improper advantage taken of those who are really attending to the whole of their proper business, and an unjustifiable misappropriation of the money expended on the student's education. \* \* First, I think I might appeal to those here present who have gone through their trials, and ask them whether they do not remember something like making their preparation depend more or less upon the particular opponents they may have reason to expect? Does it never happen that one part of the subject is looked at with a negligent eye, because the student feels that in that one part he is safe as against others? And are there not details which are avoided, I will not say by an *express understanding* among all who are to be examined, but still by something which has a *little more* of definite existence than the fundamental compact which the theory of the constitution supposes to have been made between the Crown and the subject? And does not what is thus avoided in most instances belong to the severer part of the subject—to that part in which the irksome formation of habits is most felt to be wanted? The answer will be in the affirmative. In fact, when success in the examination is all that is thought of, the fact which selects reading with reference to the actual competitors will be sure to be a valuable faculty,—as valuable as the acquisition of power by which the student makes his own course dependent on that of the chance which he wishes to cut off from her part. This part of the evil must always exist in college examinations; but not in those where students from different colleges or different classrooms are brought together.—Secondly, I may ask of the same students whether they have ever heard of making their reading depend more or less upon the accidents of the preceding examination papers? Is such reasoning as the following wholly unknown? This matter was set last time; therefore it will not be set this time; therefore it need not be attended to. I have before now been able to trace a considerable neglect of so fundamental a point of algebra as the binomial theorem to the accident of it and its consequences having made a prominent appearance in the last year's examination. Till a very recent period, we had two yearly examinations,—one at Christmas, and one at Easter. At the end of the session. The first examination was abolished for reasons, among the most prominent of which was the great tendency of the student to think that he had done with a material portion of the subject as soon as he had been examined in it. It was my practice sometimes to repeat, in the Midsummer Examination, a question which had been already given at Christmas. A great many of my students never could believe that this was anything but a mistake on my part; and their surprise was evidently that a debtor who had paid money on account, and taken a receipt, when he finds, that instead of the balance, a claim is made of the whole amount originally due. It is not to be wondered at, all existing notions and practices considered, that the learner should regard himself after examination as a passed bankrupt protected by a certificate. And what I maintain is, that the known and ascertained tendency to this Christmas examination, to show the effect above noted at Midsummer, is proof enough that those who read for the end, without looking beyond it, will discharge their burden as soon as it is over.—Thirdly, I need hardly remind you that the habits formed by a student whose thoughts are occupied by the questions, Will this tell? How much of this shall I want? Will it be set? are not those which are most likely to make an active inquirer, a sagacious reasoner, a



judicious expounder of the balance of facts and arguments. This is so clear that I need waste no time upon it. It would be clearer still if it were better understood how much the importance of good habits outweighs that of accumulation of knowledge. I do not wish to undervalue extensive information, nor for a moment to assert that he who is possessed of it is not vastly superior to him who is without it, *ceteris paribus*. The increased love of it which pervades our academic institutions—the enlarged power of communicating it which distinguishes modern teaching—may well entitle us to say that we have arrived at the silver age of education. But the golden age will never be established until—without any degradation of the value set upon knowledge as a preparation—the habits of mind acquired in the gaining of it are considered as the most important part of the acquisition. I suppose a student engaged upon his books, with the examination, and nothing else, before his mind—a prize or a scholarship in his thoughts—and a great branch of learning or science the appointed means of contest. A question arises on which opinions are divided; and the student, who is perhaps not quite a beginner, is at the period of his course at which, under guidance, he should begin to examine conflicting authorities, and accustom his mind to receive without partiality and act without rashness upon the impressions which they communicate. He should pause and consider; but this he feels he has not time to do. It will be enough for him, he thinks, to be able to state, if asked, what A, B, C, and D have delivered upon the matter. As to himself, he thinks that he should like to get the prize—which may be regarded as a summary of all his own convictions upon the subject in question. No one to whom the prize is everything forms opinions or discusses evidence; a conclusion had and obtained, to be written out on a given day, can be more easily fixed than by thought. Again, an elementary point suggests itself, upon which his feeling tells him there is not sufficient light: he knows that he ought to go back, and seek for the source of the obscurity. But he will not do it; he will wait until he gets up the subject, as the phrase is, just before the time of examination. He does not remember that, if his present hurry be too great, that of the final recapitulation will be still greater; and, further, that in the mean time, that which he has on hand may be totally misunderstood, and made the source of all manner of future error. Or, grant that he does go back, it is with a mind prepared to believe in its own complete success on any accession of clearness. I see now what I did not see—therefore I see it all—is the logic which his hurry teaches him to use. Perhaps it may happen that at some point of one investigation he seems to light upon the clue to a difficulty which had previously occurred in another. He will not stop, and make this certain and useful; he will make a note of it,—and this note, it is almost certain, will not be honoured when due. The light of the moment will have burnt out before he is ready to use it, and he will wonder what his memorandum could have meant. I might spend more time than remains to me in enumerating the modes by which the concentration of all the mind upon the display of acquisition turns it away from the cultivation of habits of sound learning. I will give the practices against which I have been contending all their due; they produce a certain readiness which is not without its value. What the student whom I have been describing does he does quickly; and shows more power in a given time than he would have done but for his training. For my own part, I would rather adopt Bacon's division: I would rather that conference made him ready and writing exact. I believe that a student who sedulously avoids the snares which I have shown to lay in his path would acquire in the debating societies which exist in our College, as in other institutions of the kind, promptness, as promptness, of a character far more useful in life than that which is obtained in preparing to remember and write an extraordinary quantity in a few hours.

Mr. De Morgan concluded by the enforcement of the maxim, that the student should take care of everything except the examination and let the examination take care of itself. He defended himself against those who might think that a controversial discussion on the mode of their education was out of place before students, by drawing a comparative picture of the young men of our time as compared with their predecessors at the same age.

The whole of the conclusions of this lecture met with such unqualified assent, both from the seniors and juniors of a large audience, that we are satisfied the time is ripe for attention to the important subject of which it treated.

#### CHINESE BALLS.

To 'A Subscriber' who, in reference to the conjectures of our correspondent A.B.G. [*ante*, p. 1030] as to the method of forming the well-known Chinese Balls, desired to have the opinion of that ingenious writer as to the manner of working the tracery on the same—we are enabled by the suggestions of the latter to give the following answer.—

"For working the tracery on the internal shells, it is necessary to turn them partly round so as to bring integral parts of the internal shells under the external holes, and then to hold the internal shells tolerably steady. The turning them partly round will be easily effected while the external shell is still mounted on the conical chuck, and then a conical plug (similar to the chuck) can be forced in on the opposite side so as to hold the inner shell sufficiently steady. By mounting the ball on the chuck first by one

hole and then by another, there will be no difficulty in making every part of an inner shell visible; and as in every case there is an open hole on the side opposite to the chuck, there will be in every case an opportunity of inserting a steadying-plug.

"The most convenient method of cutting the tracery will undoubtedly be, to follow a process exactly analogous to that by which a carpenter cuts a key-hole. The first thing will be, to drill, for each hole of the tracery, one or more holes with a watch-maker's drill;—an operation which presents no difficulty at any depth. The next step will be to insert in these drilled holes slender saws, and by means of these to cut out the pattern. In some cases it may be advantageous instead of saws to use files. But whatever tool is used, there is not the smallest difficulty in effecting this operation at any depth."

On the subject of the cutting of these balls, we have received also the following communication from another correspondent. His statement of the fact is curiously confirmatory of the conclusions at which our correspondent A.B.G. had arrived from mere examination.—"About ten days ago," the writer says, "I was in company with my friend Mr. James Black (late of H.M.S. Vulture, which has been some years in China); when, among other things, he told me of the manufacture of these balls, which he had several times an opportunity of observing,—and which are made from solid pieces of ivory. He thus described it. The block of ivory is first drilled with four, six, or eight holes, according to its size:—these pass through the centre. The ivory is then fixed on a mandril in a lathe; and through the opposite hole a small bent tool is inserted, and a portion of the centre or smallest ball is turned. By a constant change of the mandril and tool to different holes, all the balls are loosened without very much waste of the material. After this, the outer ball and one or two of the next in order are more or less elaborately carved by hand."

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Interlaken, September 25.

INTERLAKEN is one of the most noted halting-places of that nomad race of English who pass their lives in wandering from one haunt of pleasure to another throughout Europe. To all that much larger class also who snatch from the business of life a hurried month or two, to refresh their minds and bodies with a scamper through the most beautiful scenery of the Continent, it is as well, or perhaps better, known than Champs-Élysées. The vale of Lanterbrunnen is little less strange than that of Aylesbury,—and the Wengern Alp is as familiar as Highgate. It is not, therefore, with any intention of enlightening the readers of the *Athenæum* respecting the beauties and attractions of these celebrated spots that I date a letter hence. But high on a mountain which overlooks this happy valley, and far above its gay and busy crowds, there exists another gathering of human beings, of a somewhat different description, brought together for a different purpose, and having as little in common with the pleasure-hunting assemblage below as it is well possible for one set of mortals to have with another. And this latter world on the mountain is sufficiently less well known than its neighbour world below to make some account of it not superfluous.

It is on a sunny slope of the Abendberg—so called in contradistinction to a brother mountain to the eastward, named the Morgenberg—that the establishment exists which I wish to introduce to the reader. There, at an elevation of between three and four thousand feet above the sea level, a benevolent member of that profession which has produced perhaps more pure philanthropists than any other—a physician—has devoted his existence to the foundation and conduct of an establishment for the cure and prevention of cretinism. Few in these days of travelling can be altogether ignorant of the meaning of this term of ominous import—there are few who, in the course of wanderings through some of the many parts of Europe most afflicted with that awful scourge, have not shuddered at the sight of their own human nature disfigured and degraded in the person of the misshapen cretin, and retained a sufficiently strong impression of the fearful sight to render the establishment on the Abendberg an object of interest to them. The majority, however, even of

those whose attention may have been attracted to the painful subject, are probably by no means aware of the extent, geographically as well as numerically speaking, of the evil. But when it is known that hardly any country in Europe is free from the stain of cretinism—that, far from being confined to the Alpine valleys which intersect the great chain that forms the backbone of Europe, other districts, in which all the circumstances of physical geography seem to be wholly different, are yet liable to the same malady—that England herself, especially in her south-western counties, is by no means exempt from the affliction—it does seem surprising that the first special establishment for its scientific treatment should have been founded by the exertions of an individual in the year 1840.

It was at that time that Dr. Guggenbühl, a pupil of the well-known Dr. Schönlein of Berlin, determined to devote his life and energies to the redemption of these lost outcasts of humanity—to the solution of the scientific problem, how far moral and physical prophylactic agencies might be successfully employed in snatching the infant cretin from the doom impending over him—and to the foundation of an establishment where all such means might be put in action under the circumstances pointed out by science as the most favourable to success. For though nothing had been done previous to the foundation of Dr. Guggenbühl's establishment on the Abendberg, much had been written on the subject,—and science as well as some degree of occasional empirical experience, had long since indicated the first grand necessity in any attempt of the kind. It is nearly three-quarters of a century since Saussure pointed out, with a convincing amount of evidence, that cretinism is rarely, if ever, found higher than an altitude of three thousand feet above the sea. Further observation, and some partial experiments, have since proved that even temporary removal during infancy to a high situation on the mountains produces at least temporary improvement. The lack of accommodation in Switzerland for remaining on the mountains during winter had hitherto prevented more than a temporary removal from the deleterious influences which produce the evil. But Dr. Schausberger has cited cases from Pechlarn, on the Danube, in which healthy parents who came to settle in that locality had thenceforward only cretin children,—while demi-cretin parents who had been born in Pechlarn, but removed to the hills, had had healthy offspring. Again, Dr. Fodéré—whose practice in the Maurienne, one of the regions most afflicted by cretinism, afforded him abundant opportunities of observing all the circumstances connected with its generation—has carefully described the nature of the localities most calculated to foster it. A valley through which the river flows slowly—where the hills are clothed with a rich and thick verdure—where the habitations are surrounded and overhung by fruit-trees—where the direction and position of the valley is such as to receive the whole of the sun's rays and to be sheltered from sweeping winds—where marshes still further contribute to increase the humidity of the atmosphere—such a spot will be the stronghold of cretinism. It would seem to be produced, in short, by breathing a close, warm, damp air. And the natural conclusion is, that the most successful remedy or prevention would be found in placing the patient under circumstances, as far as possible, the reverse of all this—in a keen dry mountain air, that is. Remedy or prevention, I have said; for it must be observed that, contrary to what used to be, and is still, vulgarly supposed to be the case, it is now satisfactorily established that the infant is not born a cretin, but gradually becomes so—that the mischief commences generally with the second year, and goes on increasing with the growth, until the degradation, mental and physical, is complete.

The object of Dr. Guggenbühl's endeavours, therefore, was to found an establishment for the reception of infants who manifested a tendency to fall into cretinism, or in whom, at all events, the malady was only in its earliest stage of development:—and the first requisite for its foundation was the choice of a fitting locality for the purpose. This the Abendberg seemed to offer in a high degree. The southern slope of this mountain—overlooking one of the loveliest valleys in the world, and surrounded by



scenes of a nature peculiarly adapted to excite the faculties of a dulled or slumbering intelligence—unites with the necessary altitude so happy an exposure to the sun, and so complete a shelter from the severer winds, that the climate of the establishment is not injuriously rigorous in winter. The surrounding pasture and garden ground produces milk, butter, and all sorts of vegetables in abundance; excellent water and plenty of wood are immediately at hand; and, lastly, the geographical position is desirable, as being in the centre of the districts most afflicted with the malady which the establishment is destined to combat.

It was on a lovely morning that I started from the Pension Ober, at Interlaken, to walk to the establishment of Dr. Guggenbühl, on the Abendberg. The walk is not a fatiguing one, although the mountain is very steep and the elevation to be attained so considerable; for a well-managed path has been led in zigzags through the fir woods, which, for the most part, clothe the mountain,—and the ascent is thus accomplished in the shade, and at an angle not too back-breaking even to town-bred walkers. Those who like not such an enterprise may, with all ease and comfort, ride up and down again. When I reached the opening in the woods which, at about half way to the summit of the mountain, surround the fields, gardens, and buildings of the establishment, the scene that burst upon my sight was indeed one of no ordinary beauty. The chain of snowy peaks of the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau mountains—the giants of the Bernese Oberland—are here seen in all their magnificence. Far below, the valley of Interlaken, and the two lakes which give it its name, are seen sleeping in the bosom of the Alps,—which surround them. And each morning's sun—often when it is hidden from the inhabitants of the valley by thick mist—is seen rising in brilliant beauty over the snowy peaks of the Uri mountains, and warms the favoured slopes of the Abendberg till it sets in ruddy glory behind the regular-shaped cone of the Niesen and the more fantastic forms of its neighbour Stockholm.

These details of the scenic beauty of the spot selected by Dr. Guggenbühl for his labour of love are, it must be explained, very far from being unimportant accessories to the success of the work in hand. The Doctor assured me that he found almost invariably that the contemplation of some of the majestic and striking phenomena of creation constituted the most powerful stimulant he could apply to the slumbering and deadened condition of intellect which forms the most distressing, and at the same time most interesting, branch of the malady of the cretin. Slumbering and deadened, but *not dead*. For one of the conclusions to which his experience has the most surely conducted him is, that the intellect of the cretin exists still,—that he is not an idiot,—that the malady is wholly physical, and that the functions of the intellect are suspended for want of normal energy in those portions of the organization which form the communication, as it may be represented, of the inner invisible with the outward visible world. The intelligence becomes withered by this state of atrophy; and in many cases the shape of the head indicates the non-development of the brain,—as in similar manner any portion of the physical structure wholly thrown out of employment will in time perish away. But the divine spark is still *there*; not extinct, though dormant in the hideously misshapen frame, whose torpid senses and diseased organization refuse to supply it with ideas from without or to be the medium of any manifestation of existence from within.

It is this conviction especially which has spurred on Dr. Guggenbühl to overcome the many difficulties that have opposed themselves to the realization of his experiment. If, says he, we can only succeed in restoring a tolerably normal physical condition *before* long disuse shall have altogether and finally paralyzed the mind, the mind will begin to show signs of life and action. The first treatment of the cretin child must therefore be wholly physical; and it is only when considerable physical improvement shall have been accomplished that any useful attempt can be made to awaken the intelligence. Then, the first difficulty is to make the first ideas pass—if such a metaphor is allowable—along the newly established and frail cord of communication. Something must

be found which can stimulate the attention and awaken the interest of the still lethargic intellect:—and in this stage it is that Dr. Guggenbühl has found the grand features of the scenery around him especially useful for this purpose. Often has the magnificent spectacle of the chain of mountain tops to the south of the Abendberg bathed in the sunset light till their snow seemed rose-coloured and their bare precipices crimson—often has the storm-wind sweeping through the pine-woods which clothe the summit above the establishment—been, of all ideas from the world without, the first to penetrate the dull medium of the half-awakened senses of the cretin, and by the avenue of the imagination to reach and stimulate the still lethargic intelligence.

These facts were among the most curious which I learned from the exceedingly interesting conversation of Dr. Guggenbühl; whom I found in the midst of his unfortunate—or fortunate ought I not rather to say?—patients and pupils. On reaching the open door of the modest but roomy and airy building, I encountered a female servant with a cretin infant in her arms, sent out for the purpose of exposing the child to the breezes which were sweeping the mountain side. I inquired for the Doctor; and was told to walk in and ascend the stairs, and there I should find him. Thus unannounced I entered a large upper room;—and was indeed most singularly impressed with the strange scene which presented itself. From the centre of the ceiling depended a cord, reaching to within two feet or so of the floor, and furnished at the end with a rounded staff about eighteen inches in length. This was a contrivance to enable children unable or unwilling to use their legs (one of the earliest and most ordinary manifestations of cretinism) to take exercise by resting their hands and arms on the staff and thus swinging to and fro, while the legs trailing on the ground are relieved from the burthen of the tumefied and disproportioned body. An unfortunate creature, a female cretin twenty years old, was thus swinging herself about when I entered. She is the only adult in the establishment; and has been exceptionally received by Dr. Guggenbühl for some special reasons—partly, perhaps, because her case offers some very rare and interesting surgical peculiarities. She was, I should think, between two and three feet high, horribly deformed, and though able to move about without aid yet evidently she did so with difficulty. Still, the air and regimen of the Abendberg had not been without effect even in this far-gone case. The complexion was healthy and the eye bright. She had sufficient intellect to go and come as she was bid,—and she manifested the strongest affection towards the Doctor. In one corner of the large room was a sort of climbing apparatus for exercising and strengthening the limbs of the children. On the walls were a variety of large prints and representations of various objects calculated to engage the attention and exercise the nascent powers of discrimination. In one part was a table covered with a variety of weeds apparently recently gathered from the mountain side. These were for the purpose of teaching some of the more advanced pupils some rudimentary notions of botany and vegetable physiology. There were about twenty children scattered in different parts of the chamber, of various ages from five to ten. The younger infants were elsewhere. All these were more or less manifestly and hideously cretins. A fearful and a painful sight! and yet the tokens of amelioration and progress were so manifest, the beneficence of the undertaking was so palpable, and the cleanliness, the air of being cared for, and the comparative well-being of these children were so great when contrasted with the revolting condition of the horrible objects which frequently meet the traveller's eye in so many of the Alpine valleys, that to the reflective mind the sight ought to be rather gratifying than painful.

In the midst of his strange schoolroom I found the Doctor walking to and fro,—superintending, directing, correcting, instructing, and above all conciliating, the affection of his unengaging pupils by the unvarying gentleness and kindness of his manner. He received me with the greatest urbanity,—was evidently pleased at a stranger's visit to the scene of his obscure but most valuable labours,—and readily entered into conversation on the subject of them. He examined before me one of his most promising pupils, a now apparently healthy lad of some nine or ten years old.

This child had been brought to the establishment when between two and three years old in a state of rapidly progressing cretinism,—and if left in his native valley would have become an utterly lost creature in body and mind. A number of questions were put to him by the Doctor on subjects connected with natural history. He began with simple notions of the appearance of the mountains, of the nature of their covering of snow, of the temperature on their heights, and thence went on to the nature and composition of our atmospheric air, &c. I thought that the latter part of this instruction was hardly adapted to an intellect which had still to acquire many of the most elemental notions necessary for the everyday conduct of life. But the Doctor assured me that his experience proved to him that the explanation—even somewhat comparatively abstruse—of what meets the eye constitutes the food most easily taken by the newly-awakened mental powers. The lad in question answered nearly all the questions put to him readily enough,—but how far this may have been an exercise of the memory only and how far a real action of the powers of the understanding it was impossible for me to judge.

We then proceeded to view the other parts of the establishment; including ample bathing accommodation, and a magneto-electric machine arranged for passing a current of electric fluid through the bodies of the patients when in the bath,—a practice which Dr. Guggenbühl stated he had found most serviceable in assisting the process of quickening the torpid vital energies. As we completed our round, the bell rang at midday for dinner; and the Doctor pressed me kindly to dine with him and his family, and his patients. I would have done so had I not been expected back by friends at Interlaken. As it was, I left this admirable man,—who, in the prime and springtime of his life, has devoted his entire existence to the obscure and cheerless task of passing his monotonous days far from all social intercourse amid a class of beings from the passing sight of whom other men turn with disgust and shuddering, for the pure love of humanity and the strong desire to benefit his fellow-creatures,—with feelings of the liveliest admiration and esteem.

The experiment, however, which Dr. Guggenbühl has thus made, and the highly satisfactory results obtained by him, should—and there is reason to hope will—produce a much more widely extended benefit than any that can be derived from his own individual efforts and from the one humble institution which his energy has succeeded in establishing on the Abendberg. The greatest good resulting from this and from Dr. Guggenbühl's experience and observations is, that they may be considered to have proved experimentally—as I have already said—that cretinism, infallibly and permanently endemic in certain localities, is caused by a given combination of geographical and atmospheric circumstances which are scarcely if at all capable of being remedied; that healthy parents will in these localities produce cretin children,—while even cretin parents removed to districts differently circumstanced will have healthy children; that the infant is not born a cretin, but gradually becomes so; that the brain is not, as in the case of the idiot, the seat of any part of the malady, but is, in the words of the Doctor, “plunged in a state of torpor;” and, lastly, as resulting from these facts, that nothing else is requisite for the eradication of the evil than timely removal of the infant from the local influences which are making a cretin of him. These facts once established, it should follow that every valley so circumstanced as to produce cretinism should be provided by its inhabitants with an asylum on some neighbouring height for the reception of infants menaced with cretinism. According to Dr. Guggenbühl, the time necessary for the child to remain in such an asylum would be from three to six years. It is clear that, on the whole, the cost to the community would be far less than that of maintaining during the whole of their wretched lives a population of cretins,—the burthen of whose support must, of course, in some shape or other, fall on the healthy portion of the inhabitants.

The Governments of Switzerland have not shown themselves insensible to the interest which it behoves them to take in the question. Berne, from the first opening of Dr. Guggenbühl's establishment, accorded

him a yearly subsidy of 600 francs. Fribourg, Valais, and St. Gall send children to him at the cost of their respective cantons. The King of Prussia sends two infants from Neufchatel. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a general and regular system for the abolition of so horrible an infliction will grow out of the seeds so well sown by individual enterprise and beneficence; and that the revolting sight of an adult cretin may, thanks to Dr. Guggenbühl's active philanthropy, be spared if not to our children at least to our children's children. T. A. T.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE public are still expecting some account of their proceedings from the Royal Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of the British Museum:—and it seems that they may continue to wait. There has been much investigation—and much evidence has been taken: surely enough to depict the actual state of things, if not enough to suggest the necessary remedies. After all that was expected from this commission, this delay is most vexatious to the literary public—and very unjust to the parties whom the public press has brought under discussion. Mr. Panizzi, for example, has naturally enough been the subject of much severe remark: and prevented as he is by his official character from originating any proceedings in his own case, it would be only fair to him, and very desirable, that his accusers and his ultimate judges should have the opportunity of hearing what he has to say, before every part of the details of accusation is forgotten. It ought to be remembered by the Commissioners that the royal seal is in their case really affixed by the continued demand for inquiry—not by the "mere motion" of the Crown. Their original determination—a very unwise one we think—not to publish their proceedings at very short intervals, ought to have been accompanied by the resolution to do it at least session by session. The end of it will probably be that, with the exception of the officers of the Museum, no one will think it worth his while to offer them information; and that their report, if they ever get the length of drawing up one, will receive little or no attention. For ourselves, we should decidedly object to give evidence in a literary matter—evidence here being statement of opinion—while all the other evidence was concealed from us. We should consider that the rest of the evidence might have the effect of making us say what we did not mean. Who does not know that during a discussion words and phrases take meaning *pro vice*? We should feel that we ought to know the sense and intention which the previous investigation had made the examiners give to their questions,—and that without such knowledge we should not be sure of answering with a full comprehension of the querist's meaning. In questions of pure fact, and as a guard against collusion on the spot, it is well to order all the witnesses out of court; but when the matter is one of opinion, and collusion is unsuspected, no man but the witness himself can set his opinion against that of others in his own way. The conflict of opinions is debate, though it be called evidence: and if the Commissioners should summon men of letters or science before their secret tribunal, and the summons should be attended to, the proceeding will be much as if each member of the Commons were to whisper into the Speaker's ear, and leave him to summon up an opponent by his own statement of the argument.

A correspondent, in reference to our remarks last week on the subject of newspaper plagiarisms, calls our attention to a miscellaneous paragraph of our own, giving some account of the Clifton Suspension Bridge—avowedly borrowed by us from a London morning paper, by the London paper avowedly taken from the *Wills Standard*—and which he says belongs of right to Mr. Charles Knight's cheap and useful publication 'The Land We Live In,'—from which, to use his term, the *Wills Standard* must have "fished" it. If our correspondent has any idea that by this suggestion he is turning the tables upon us, or weakening the authority of our complaint, we think he mistakes the case, and is, on the contrary, only reinforcing our argument. In the very article in which we charged others, we gave a particular example of the manner in which we had been ourselves led by the system to aid in depriving another journal of its lawful property,—and we have

no doubt that more such instances may be produced against us. This is a part of our case. We are as unwilling to deprive our neighbour of his rights as to be deprived of our own; and while the system lasts we have no more certain protection against the one consequence than against the other. We can do nothing more than mark any paragraph that we borrow with the signature which we find attached to it,—unless we happen to know that this is a false one; and if every one else were careful to do the same, we could not be wrong in doing so—and the offence against which our observations were directed could not arise at all.

The Committee of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution have offered two prizes of 10*l.* and 5*l.* respectively to the authors of the best essays 'On the Characteristics and Advantages of Literary and Scientific Institutions, their Claims to the Support of Society, and the best Means of extending their Usefulness.'—Mr. Grote, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Mr. James W. Gilbart are to act as adjudicators.

The *Brussels Herald* mentions that a prize of 1,000 francs is about to be offered by the leaders of the Peace Congress recently assembled in that capital for the best essay on the several subjects debated during its sitting. The Peace missionaries, meantime, are proceeding with their work, undeterred by the talking birds and singing trees that beset their path to turn them back by ridicule or by disdain. They remember perhaps that the same sort of arguments have been employed—and in the same quarters—against other movements which originated what are accepted truths of to-day; by none asserted so loudly and ostentatiously as by the said talking birds, who finally followed and affected to lead those whom they failed to turn back.—A meeting of the friends of peace is advertised to be held at Exeter Hall on Tuesday next, at which the President and Vice-President of the Brussels Congress will be present. The object of the present assembling in London is, to present to the British Ministry the Address to the Governments of Europe and America voted in the Belgian capital. It will be followed up, it is understood, by like meetings in some of the large provincial towns,—and Paris and Frankfurt are afterwards to be similarly canvassed in the interests of the cause.

The *Daily News*, in a series of articles on 'The Great Prisons of London,' is usefully directing attention to the present state of metropolitan goals and the systems of discipline pursued in them. Some of the revelations made are startling; and prove that, with all our reforms and improvements in the theory and *model* practice of penal science, the English prison is still the same theatre of moral and mental corruption as in the days of Howard. Let any man read the accounts of Giltspur Street Compter, Newgate, the Bridewell, Horsemonger Lane Gaol,—and then ask himself if these things should be suffered to continue longer. It is a notorious fact to students of penology (as Prof. Lieber proposes to call the newly-created science of prison treatment) that the City of London goals are about the most abominable in Europe: and this fact, so disgraceful to a corporation which is one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the world, we are desirous of assisting our contemporary to make universally known. If the dictates of humanity will not induce the magistracy of the capital of England to improve their prisons,—their fears, their purses, and their sense of shame may be appealed to with more probability of success. By continuing such places as Newgate and its grim neighbour of Giltspur Street, they are not only throwing temptation and the means of corruption in the way of the weak and falling, but are likewise sowing the seeds of future expenses in such a way that they cannot fail to produce a plenteous crop. Here the promptings of mere policy are identical with the dictates of a wise philosophy. If we would arrest the progress of crime we must endeavour to reform the criminal. As a matter of principle, we prefer a system which will deal with the pariah before he is committed to his guilty career; but it is absurd as well as wicked to place him in a school of vice by way of strengthening his virtues. Surely something will be done by the magnates of the City to redeem themselves from

this disgrace. Meantime, our contemporary is doing good-service, as we have said, by its exposures of the London prisons.

The Scottish papers announce the death of Mr. William Tennant, Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of St. Mary, St. Andrew's—more extensively known as the author of 'Anster Fair' and of various other works in general literature. The Hebrew Chair of that University, as well as that of the University of Edinburgh, is thus vacant.

The sister of Lieut. Wyburd has addressed a letter to the daily journals relative to the report mentioned by us a fortnight since, on the faith of Bombay papers, that that officer is alive and residing at Kokhan. Lieut. Wyburd, our readers will remember, had been sent on a political mission into Toorkistan,—and has long been supposed to be dead. Mrs. Furrell, his sister, says that *she* "never supposed so"—and proceeds to state that she possesses "abundant information to satisfy any reasonable and willing mind that there is every probability that he is yet alive at Bokhara. For three long years," she says, "have I been struggling to impress upon the Government this fact:—they are not to be convinced. In the face of directly contrary information they determined to conclude my brother dead." Mrs. Furrell adds that a petition on the subject was presented to the Queen in May last—to which she has not yet received an answer. As we have before said, Dr. Wolff's report is very circumstantial as to Lieut. Wyburd's death, and the manner of it:—and Mrs. Furrell offers to the public none of the "abundant information" which she says she possesses, to enable them to raise any inference in contradiction to it.

Some short time since we noticed, our readers will remember, the formation of an "Institute of Actuaries"—and objected to the narrowness of its constitution. We then said that it would be the duty of the press to watch narrowly any attempt of the new Institute to gain the power of deciding on the fitness of actuaries. We saw, soon afterwards, in a publication closely connected with insurance matters, our article described as an invitation to the press to write down the new association from the commencement; and this account of our article evidently emanated from some person closely connected with that association. This seemed to us to corroborate our suspicion that the Institute desired some such power as that which we had deprecated;—for how otherwise could our invitation to the press bear the construction put upon it? A correspondent has now sent us an article from a contemporary journal giving that sort of short account of the election of officers which public bodies are in the habit of furnishing to the press; and here the institution is designated as intended "not only to inform the public whom their brethren consider actuaries, but to stamp their calculations with authority." Among the officers so elected our correspondent numbers fifteen actuaries, representing offices which have existed, on an average, eighteen years each; and then produces the names of eight actuaries who have not joined the Institute, representing offices which have existed on the average fifty-seven years each. If these publications emanate in any way from those who are confidentially acquainted with the designs of the Institute, we should recommend the Council not to show the hoof so soon:—if not, it would be wise in them to discourage statements of their pretensions which most of those who see them will suppose to be authoritative. That older actuaries should hang back, and younger ones be most forward, is not in itself against the undertaking—for so it often happens with regard even to excellent novelties. But if the incipient body begin to put forward pretensions to judge before it has been judged by any but its own members, an inquiry into its constituency—a challenge of the array—will be the plea of those who are summoned to its bar.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, we understand, resigned his situation as one of the secretaries of the Archaeological Institute immediately after the Lincoln meeting. Mr. T. Hudson Turner, the resident secretary, has also resigned.

A new educational move is in progress in Lancashire. Meetings have been held and a Society has been formed to be called "The Lancashire Public School Association for promoting the Establishment of a



**General System of Secular Education in the County of Lancaster.** The Association has put forth a large and comprehensive plan, and challenged public attention to its merits. So far as appears on the face of the programme, the proposed scheme is liberal and well-conceived. It seeks to reconcile the national and the voluntary principles, by adopting the division of the counties as its basis of operations. Each county is to raise the necessary funds for the instruction of its own children through the means of a rate self-imposed by the rate-payers—in the same manner, we suppose, as the church-rate is now levied. So far it is voluntary. Whether it is better, as a general principle, to take the county as the basis than the nation is a question open to discussion:—strong arguments may be advanced on both sides, and at present we refrain from expressing an opinion on the point. The machinery to be employed is more entirely to our mind. It is proposed to establish five classes of schools. 1. Common day-schools for children from five to fifteen years of age. 2. Evening-schools for persons of ten and upwards. In these two, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the elements of a sound practical education generally are to be given. 3. Infant-schools for children under six. 4. Industrial-schools for that dangerous order of juveniles out of which our gnoles are constantly replenished. 5. Normal-schools for the training of competent teachers.—The parts of this scheme which are most novel are the night-school and the industrial-school. The first is absolutely necessary to the well-working of any system of popular education in the manufacturing districts;—the great majority, not only of the adults, but of the young children also, being confined in the factories during the day, and thus debarred from any participation in the advantages of ordinary day teaching. Late in the evening is the only time when they can possibly devote an hour or two to mental cultivation; the educational provision which does not meet this circumstance is, therefore, lost so far as they are concerned. No sectarianism will be tolerated in the system, and no minister of religion can occupy a salaried office. The proposed organization of the directing power is sufficiently democratic. The parish, or township, is to elect its school-committee. The various parish committees are to elect a central committee for the hundred: the committees of hundreds to elect a county committee—the highest authority in this popular hierarchy. The whole will, in fact, form a separate body, with the ordinary powers of municipal corporations, in which property—expected benefactions and private endowments—may be invested. The people will have the entire control of the matter. We see no reference whatever to the Secretary of State, or to any species of government inspection intended to be introduced. Each county will vote just as much or as little money to support the schools as it likes:—that this would be liberal in all cases it would be rash to assert. Herein, we fear, lies the weakness of the scheme—and we have grave doubts as to the success of an application to Parliament for power to carry it into operation.

A meeting of Manufacturers and Artists has been held at Namur for the purpose of discussing the advisability of founding a periodical, industrial and artistic Exhibition in that town. The object was unanimously carried; and a proposition to engraft on the plan an agricultural Exhibition was referred to the consideration of a sub-committee.

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOTICE.**—The Picture of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, will shortly be removed. Also, now exhibiting, MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, during an Eruption. Both Pictures are seen under various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.—Admission, 2s.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE ON SANITARY MEASURES** connected with the Progress of CHOLERA and other EPIDEMICS, by Dr. RYAN, daily at Half-past Three, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Nine o'clock. Also on the MANUFACTURE OF GUTTA PERCHA, by Dr. BACHOFFNER, Mornings and alternate Evenings. An entirely New PLANTAGINARIA, by CHILDE, every Evening at Eight o'clock, with APPROPRIATE MUSIC. THE DISSOLVING VIEWS, with historical descriptions. THE CHROMATROPE with New Effects. THE MICROSCOPE at One o'clock daily. DIVER and DIVING-BELL, WORKING MODELS explained.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price. The New Catalogue, 1s.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THURS. Zoological, 3, P.M.—General Business.  
FRI. Botanical, 8.  
SAT. Archaeological Institute, 4.  
SAT. Asiatic, 2.

#### THE PASSING.

A MASQUE OF AUTUMN TIME.

PIPE!—red-lip'd Autumn—pipe!—  
Summer, she is dead, sweet maid;  
Bear her through the listening glade,  
Strew the way with berries ripe—  
Nectarine and peach, rose-stained:  
They at least may serve to show,  
By the mirrored blush retained,  
How her cheek was wont to glow.  
I will come and weep beside her,  
As chief mourner o'er her fate,  
With a veil of gold leaves hide her,  
As she lies in state!—  
I have wooed her in the meadow,  
When she was a sweet young thing,  
Ere she in the rain-cloud's shadow  
Parted from the Spring:  
Later, I have sported, blither,  
With her in her sunnier hours;  
She it was who led me whither  
Spring those fays, the flowers!—  
Bring, then, round her hallowed bier  
Incense, from the dead leaves dry,  
While the silent woods stand near  
In solemn pagenantry:  
And the phantom mists shall weave  
Cerements of the silver fold,  
Ere the red-streaked sky at eve,  
To the stars, turns cold.—  
Hark!—the breezes are beginning!  
Strew the leaves—and lightly tread—  
Canticles in honour singing  
Of the beautiful dead!—  
Weeping daylight, weed-like, wears  
Rays of yellow sunbeam now,—  
Fruit-zoned Plenty plume-like bears  
Corn-sheaves on his brow:  
Sing, sad winds, in every place,  
Vintage-hill and orchard-dell,  
Where her smile was wont to grace  
Haunts she loved so well!—  
Strew the way with berries ripe:—  
Summer she is dead, sweet maid;  
O'er her, through the listening glade,  
Pipe!—red-lip'd Autumn—pipe!

FREDERICK ENOCH.

#### FINE ARTS

*Designs for Schools and School-Houses.* By H. E. Kendall, Jun. F.S.A. Williams & Co.

THE manner in which this publication is got up shows that it is a candidate quite as much for the drawing-room table as for the architect's studio. Both externally and internally it is made an embellished volume—one more inviting than formidable. Those who would recoil from plans and elevations as usually exhibited, asserting them to be dull and technical, may be betrayed into looking at such things very complacently when presented, as here, in what may pass for a picture-book. Mr. Kendall has sweetened the potion, and honied the brim of the cup; since even the brims—or, in more literal phrase, the borders—of the plates exhibit various tasteful devices and ingenious motifs of embellishment. The letter-press, too, is remarkable for its typography—being entirely in black letter, or Old English character. All this partakes, perhaps, somewhat of foppery; nevertheless, if it helps to dispel the prejudice generally entertained against architectural works as being unintelligible and uninteresting to all but architects themselves, the degree to which extraneous ornamentation is here carried is not only excusable but laudable.

The plates are exceedingly well-executed in lithography. Those showing the elevations are in little more than outline, with merely some indications of shadow, chiefly in the background and foreground accessories; for though there is a perspective view of each building finished up pictorially, something of landscape is added to the elevations themselves. And as regards landscape, some degree of artistic licence seems to have been indulged in;—that introduced into the perspective view being in many instances quite different from that accompanying the elevation of the same building, although it may happen to be one of those which have been executed. We suspect, therefore, that the landscapes are to be regarded as imaginary ones, composed to set off the respective buildings to the best advantage;—which they certainly do. Indeed, it is scarcely probable that sites and natural scenery so expressly adapted

beforehand to the particular structure should have been found ready prepared just on the very spot where they were wanted. By mere chance a *heavenly* moment of the kind might occur once—but not so uniformly as we find here. This remark can scarcely be considered a reproach, unless it be a reproach to say that the buildings and scenery are so admirably adjusted to each other as to produce highly pleasing compositions that the views afford lessons in landscape as well as studies of architecture.

The designs themselves exhibit considerable talent and invention, with study as to grouping of parts and as to picturesque effect generally. Lack of fancy is not Mr. Kendall's defect:—what he seems rather to require is a little more sobriety. He is apt to crowd together more ideas than the space will properly admit of,—and also to indulge in too great diversity of style in the same design. Take, as an instance, the Front of the Schools at Willesden, where a small open loggia with three arches, of Elizabethan or Italianized character, and having a horizontal cornice above, comes in between two large windows which are not only mullioned and transomed but pointed-arched also; and while the end gables over those windows are of high pitch and simple outline, the centre one over the break, in the front, above the loggia, is curved convexly below, and then terminates in a sort of small gable, whose roof projects forward on large brackets. This last seems to be a touch of the cottage style rather than the Elizabethan:—at any rate it is of a different sort of Elizabethan from that which is employed below. In buildings of the class here shown considerable latitude as to style is allowable;—mere dates may be disregarded: still, some regard should be had to consistency of general character and agreement of the several features and forms. Of such consistency an example appears in the design which has been executed for the Battle and Langton National Schools. This design satisfies us, on the whole, better than any of the others, it being sufficiently of a piece throughout, piquant and picturesque, though uniform in its composition and plainly expressive of its purpose. Here the Elizabethan character is well pronounced and kept up. Some of the best elements of that style are brought in and combined together with much happiness of effect. The large upright mullioned and transomed windows, with their moulded dressings and *quasi* pediments of scrolls and ornamental shields, are features of a rather unusual kind, and which tell very strongly. The two detached turret-like niches which come in between the three gables of the front are also something unusual. The style has been freely treated,—but its spirit has been caught; which is more than always happens in scrupulous and literal imitations made up from existing authorities for everything in them. According to the perspective view of it, this building stands considerably higher than the road—upon a terrace fronting it, though such terrace is not indicated in the foreground which accompanies the geometrical elevation. Owing to this and to the windows and gables on the side of the building coming into view, the perspective representation gives much more than the geometrical one promises. In the former there is, too, a feature that does not show itself—is perhaps intentionally omitted in the other—namely, a small spire, which we take to be over the winding staircase on that side of the plan. It does not well accord with the rest; neither was it at all needed—there being quite sufficient display of outline without it. Nos 3 and 4, two unexecuted designs, one of them in what is called the “half-timbered” style, are amongst the best here;—but we cannot enter into particular remark as to either these or any of the others. What we have said must suffice:—and should be enough to recommend the work before us.

**FINE-ART Gossip.**—The National Gallery, which has been closed since the 7th of September, was re-opened to the public on Monday last.—The Vernon Collection has for the present found a resting-place within its walls. The basement story is the depository of one hundred and fifty-two pictures—two more than the present descriptive catalogue contains—and six pieces of sculpture. That the arrangement can be regarded as other than temporary is not to be for a moment supposed:—but with the limited space at command, and in the imperfectly

lighted condition of the apartments, it is matter of surprise that the authorities have been able to make a disposition so satisfactory as even the present. It would be idle to cavil at the proximity of the pictures to each other when the difficulties of the situation are considered—or to point out that the particular places are not reconciled to the perspective requirements of individual pictures. The result, however, is often lamentable. Of pictures by Hilton, Turner, Egg, MacIse, Danby, and Pickers-gill only small portions are illumined—and that imperfectly; while the admirable water-colour drawing by Louis Haghe is completely hidden—and the two pictures by Sidney Cooper and Goodall not described in the catalogue are but partially seen. These artists for the most part being respectively represented by other and more important works in the collection, they will no doubt reconcile themselves to the present arrangement considered in reference to all its embarrassing circumstances:—and the day we trust is not distant when more extensive and better lighted apartments will be provided. The two pictures 'Peace' and 'War' by Edwin Landseer are absent—it is said owing to some previous engagement for their being engraved.

A new feature in the Gallery is the apportionment of a small room to Gibson's group of Hylas surprised by the Naiads,—Baily's busts of Canning after Nol-lekins, Sir Isaac Newton after Roublinae, and the Duke of Wellington from his own design,—Chan-trey's of Sir Walter Scott,—and Bacon's of the Marquess Wellesley.

We have heretofore had occasion to differ from Mr. Coningham on a question of Art, as our readers will remember: and we now gladly contribute our testimony to that gentleman's liberality in presenting to the National Collection two pictures, the production of Taddeo Gaddi, a Florentine artist, whose works have hitherto been but little known in this country. Experience has shown how restricted are the means at the disposal of the Trustees of the Gallery for the acquisition of pictures—and their indisposition, when opportunities occur, to purchase such as would illustrate to the English student the growth of Italian Art. The two composing the new acquisition mark a time when grammatical systems of Art had not yet obtained,—when the imitative powers of the painter were uncontrolled and undirected by the aids of structural knowledge and scientific inquiry,—when pictorial enthusiasm was stimulated by pure devotional feeling; and it is this strong and impassioned sentiment, undisturbed by mere conventions of beauty and unalloyed by the dogmas of pictorial treatment, which by rivetting the attention and arousing the sympathies compensates for a hard and dry method of rendering. These pictures are in all probability the doors or wings of some altar-piece, the centre of which is not known to exist. The subjects are groups of saints kneeling in the act of adoration; the various personages being characterized by emblems known in the calendar of the beatified. Their style is severe and grand. The words of Vasari, when speaking in his 'Vita di Taddeo Gaddi' of a picture by him in St. Francesco, in Pisa, perfectly apply here:—"Nelle figure della quale opera, perchè furono ritratte dal naturale, si vede vivezza e grazia infinita in quella maniera semplice, che fu in alcune cose meglio, che quella di Giotto, e massimamente nell'esprimere il raccomandarsi, l'allegrezza, il dolore, e altri somiglianti affetti, che bene espressi fanno sempre onore grandissimo al pittore."—Of the school of Giotto, these two pictures may be considered the most important examples of a master of whom the same authority says—"Essendo rimasto nella pittura per giudizio e per ingegno fra i primi dell'arte, e maggiore di tutti i suoi discepoli, fece le sue prime opere con facilità grande datagli della natura piuttosto che acquistata con arte." Little more is known of the recent history of these pictures than that one was purchased at Cardinal Fesch's sale,—and the other, which was for some time known at Florence, was sent by its owner, as a speculation, to the English banker at Rome from whom it was purchased.

The resignation of Mr. Reinagle as a member of the Royal Academy creates a vacancy for an Academician; which we understand will be filled up in the month of February next. Two vacancies in the list of Associates will, we are also informed, be filled up early in next month.

At a special meeting of the Council of the Shakespeare Society held during the week, Mr. Payne Collier communicated Lord Ellesmere's acquiescence in the request of the members (reported by us a fortnight ago—ante, p. 1033,) for permission to engrave the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. After voting thanks to his Lordship, the Society came to a resolution to spare no expense in making the engraving valuable as at once a work of Art and a fac-simile. Mr. Collier was requested to furnish accompanying letter-press relative to the history and authenticity of the Chandos (now the Ellesmere) portrait—for printing on paper the size of the intended engraving, to be either bound up with it or framed for suspension as a companion at the option of members. The circulation will, we hear, be strictly confined to members of the Society who shall have recorded their names and paid up their subscriptions on the 1st of January next; and after the sufficient number of plates and proofs shall have been printed the plate will be destroyed.—We trust that some modification of these latter intentions may take place ere the matter is finally disposed of.—A Sub-Committee was appointed by the Society to carry the project into effect.

The Council of the Art-Union of London have offered the sum of 100*l.* for an original bas-relief in plaster, on a base of twenty-four inches by eight inches high, to be afterwards engraved by the anaglyphograph process for general distribution. The models are to be sent in by the 1st of March, 1849.

The Marquis of Bute, with praiseworthy liberality, has lent his noble collection of pictures for ten years to the Royal Scottish Academy. It is impossible to calculate the advantages which Scottish Art may derive from so considerate a loan. Scotland has not produced many artists of reputation; Wilkie and Raeburn are the only great names that we can call to mind in the past history of Scottish Art. Jameson and Ramsay and Runciman were very small men.

The *Jersey Times* records the death, at the early age of 36, of Mr. John Le Capelain, the painter of the Album presented last year by the States of the Island to the Queen. "Mr. Le Capelain," says a correspondent of the *Jersey Times*, "was a rival of the first artists of England as a painter in water-colours. As a scenic artist he leaves a name behind him which will not soon be forgotten in the world of Art, and works which will be everywhere cherished as household treasures by their possessors; and in him Jersey has lost one of her most highly-endowed sons."

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

#### M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN begs leave most respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will commence

NEXT FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1848,

and continue for One Month.

During the recess M. JULLIEN has endeavoured to perfect those improvements in the re-arrangement of the Theatre which were honoured with so much approbation last year, and trusts that the convenience and comfort of the visitors will be found, during the present season, to have been studied in every possible way. An extra number of Private Boxes have been added, the whole refitted, and the Entrances rendered more commodious while the Promenade has been considerably augmented, decorated, and carpeted. The warming and ventilating, generally so much neglected in buildings devoted to public amusement, have been entirely re-planned, and every portion of the Theatre cleaned and painted. In short, M. JULLIEN trusts that these arrangements and the general improvements effected since his last series of Concerts, will render these entertainments still more worthy that patronage hitherto so liberally bestowed on them.

The Orchestra will be conducted by M. JULLIEN, and, as usual, include the first-rate talent. In addition to the many established favourite Solo performers, who are acknowledged to be unrivalled in Europe on their different instruments, several other Artists, new to the English public, will have the honour of making their first appearance during the season.

M. JULLIEN has also much pleasure in stating, that he has secured the services of

#### MISS MIRAN,

the distinguished Contralto Singer, for whom several New Songs have been composed.

#### ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE OPENING NIGHT.

In order to give the greatest effect to the performance of

#### 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,'

on the opening night, M. JULLIEN has expressly arranged that

#### National Anthem for

#### FIVE DISTINCT BANDS,

CHORUS, and ORGAN, and has through the condescension of the Commanding Officers of the Regiments of the Royal Guards, obtained permission for the assistance of their splendid Military Bands, viz.:

The Band of Her Majesty's 1st Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. Waddell.  
The Band of Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards Blue, under the direction of Mr. Fulton.  
The Band of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Schott.  
The Band of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey.

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

will, therefore, on this occasion be executed by the extraordinary combination of The Full Concert Orchestra,—The above Four Military Bands, With Chorus and Organ.

The Programme of the First Night will also include a Grand Selection from MEYERBEER'S Opera,

### 'LES HUGUENOTS.'

(now so popular in this country), arranged expressly by M. JULLIEN, including,—the Overture,—the Chorus of Luther,—the Romance, performed by M. BARRET—Puff, Puff, by M. PROSPER—the Ranzani, by HERR KÖNIG—the Grand Trio, by MESSRS. BARRET, LAFAVET, and PROSPER.—The Marche, by M. BACHMAN—the Benediction of the Poignards—and Grand Finale, embracing all the chief beauties of the composer's chef-d'œuvre.

Also BETHOVEN'S Symphony in D—A New Solo by HERR KÖNIG, entitled 'SOLITUDE'—A New Solo by MR. RICHARDSON, Author's celebrated Air from 'LA FIANCÉE', with Variations—A New Valse by M. JULLIEN—A New Polka by HERR KÖNIG—A New Schottisch by M. JULLIEN—A Gavotte by MISS MIRAN, &c. &c.

Full particulars will be duly announced.

M. JULLIEN begs respectfully to state that the Theatre being let for a Winter Entertainment, the Concerts can only continue for One Month.

*A Companion to the Wesleyan Hymn-Book; being a Selection of Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Tunes from the Works of the most celebrated Masters, comprising all the Metres in the Hymn-Book and Supplement. Arranged in Four Parts, with Accompaniments for the Organ and Pianoforte, &c. &c. Third Edition.*

The last words of the above title contain the reason why this book has lain so long unnoticed by the *Athenæum*. But, though not a novelty, it is too peculiar a publication to be passed over entirely. The times we English live in make in one respect a pleasant and full harmony. When we read the name of Sir R. H. Inglis as obtaining from the Middlesex Magistrates a "music licence" for Exeter Hall,—when we regard the amount of taste for the Art displayed in quarters where the absence of taste was long proverbial,—well may we cry, "Now is the turn of Music come indeed!" High Church and Low Church, Cathedral and Tabernacle, are opening their doors to it,—the Meeting-House of Quakers being the hermetical exception. Nor is this movement one of merely ecclesiastical importance. "It seems," says Burney in his notes on Art in Vienna, "as if the national music of a country was good or bad in proportion to that of its church service." Great, indeed, is the power of early associations to create or check, refine or vulgarize, the taste; and stronger and more distinct are none than those contracted by Childhood in a place of worship—strangely partaking, as they do, of mystery, interest, and weariness.

Taken however, singly, and without reference to such indirect influences as its use may exercise upon Wesleyan youths and maidens, this collection is fairly good. The prefatory remarks are sensible; the selection of tunes is essentially an advance on those of former collections which have come before us. It would be useless, we apprehend, to quarrel with certain frisky old ditties by Lampe and other composers which could be specified,—since to the Wesleyan Methodist they come with the sanctity of tradition. They are his Gregorian Chants,—his 'Old Hundredth' Psalm. But we cannot allow newer puerilities of a kindred quality to pass without severe reprobation. "Tell me, babbling Echo, why?" My Lodging is on the cold Ground, "Lullaby," and such airs, almost vulgarized by popular use, have small business side by side with the grand melodies of Handel and of Sebastian Bach. All chapel organists and leaders of choirs should steadily and on system resist the introduction of them and prevent their habitual incorporation into the body of service-music while there is yet time. This book obviously indicates a movement in the right direction; but that has yet to be efficiently carried out. And we shall be glad, for the sake of every one concerned, to perceive that the 'Companion to the Wesleyan Hymn-Book' has been weeded, and the places of the weeds filled by healthier and nobler musical specimens, before it comes to a fourth edition.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### Cologne.

If dramatic music can be said to live anywhere in Germany just now, it is not in the court towns. For there every *Hof-sänger* and *Schauspieler*, male and female, trembles for his life-appointment,—and haply begins to discover that he may have been lulled, by the ease and certainty of the carriage to the theatre, the garden-house, and the pleasant yearly tour of *gast-rolen* played to not unfriendly



audiences, into neglecting that perpetual study and progress which alone can entitle an artist to a cosmopolitan, as distinguished from a provincial, success. As regards composition, Opera has for some years been virtually dead in Germany; since neither the secondhand Meyerbeerisms of Wagner nor the secondhand Auberisms of Flotow can for one moment be accepted by the connoisseur—and since Spohr and Marschner, the two living composers whose elder works keep the stage, can no longer please the public, they appear to have wisely retired from the arena. When I heard the latter's 'Der Templer und die Jüdin' given the other evening at the Bremen theatre, I could not from my heart wonder why Germany will have no more of Marschner. In truth, all that is defensible in the opera consists of a few couplets against which in any English drama we should rail as commonplace ballads. In the scenes of greater pretension and passion the voice is torn to pieces as remorselessly as if Verdi were the torturer, but far more unhandsonely. With respect to much of Halévy's music I have been puzzled to conceive how any one can get it by heart; but the task must be child's play compared with the learning of Marschner's opera, which in all its ambitious portions makes good the saying of the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspirations "with a vengeance!" The orchestra at Bremen is fair: playing in good German style,—which, after all, is the style for orchestral playing. The singers were one and all intolerable,—Herr Eicke, the *Bois Guilbert*, not excepted. We used to like him in London; but he has utterly deteriorated since he was there, and is now as coarse and stilted as a Londoner would not desire to hear or to see.

We found signs of some theatrical prosperity at Hamburg: traces of the "twinkling feet" of Fanny Elssler and Lucille Grahn who has succeeded her,—also Herr Pischek "starring it." A German singing baritone of the highest pretensions cannot for ever be repeating 'La ci darem' and 'Liebe ist die zarte blüthe,'—he must have recourse to translated operas; and our fortune it was to hear the redoubtable Pischek in a version of 'Il Barbiere.' Need I say that we could hardly have heard him under a more oppressive disadvantage by comparison,—with Tamburini's vocal brilliancy and Ronconi's matchless *finesse* and "the delicious southern syllables" fresh in our ears? The opera, generally, was very badly given: the *Rosina* (Mdlle. Bahnigg) toiling heavily at her airs, which she overloaded with tasteless embellishments,—the tenor (as was the tenor at Bremen) all but voiceless,—the *Dr. Bartolo* and *Basilio* too much enamoured of their own laboriously dull and farcical operations in acting to care what became of the music,—the orchestra weak, slovenly, and pointless,—and every one of these defects too signal and salient to have been passed over even had we not heard the work in its fullest perfection in London this spring. But the *Figaro* made me feel that the best of German singers cannot do justice to Rossini if he has to grapple with German words. The stars have not gifted Herr Pischek with a vein of stage comedy. Sentimental and heroic he can be, but sprightly and mercurial not. Apart from his acting, however, his singing was more laborious than successful. Certain passages were well phrased and finished,—his voice is at its very best,—and his command over all its gradations has increased; but the German words will not flow in the Italian rhythms,—the 'Buona sera' sounded coarse, the 'All' idea' very leaden, and the 'Largo' was apparently so insurmountable that the difficulty was even met by its being sung with the original text. Another liberty must needs be connived at, or the German singer would have lost his opportunity of being heard to any advantage. This was the introduction of a couple of *lieder*, by Hölzel and Reissiger, into the music lesson scene,—and afterwards the new Rhine Song! O! ye von Raumers, who have been so merciless upon the want of culture and reverence in England, had such a transaction taken place at our Italian Opera how calmly-philosophical would have been your disdain—how sublimely long-winded your paragraphs! At Hamburg the transaction passed off as a matter of course; and the *lieder* offered as much excuse as could be offered, being admirably sung. But as a whole, the opera was felt to be out of its place, and the singer out of his occupation. The performance was, at

best a make-shift, merely excusable on the score of national poverty, and even then questionable from the amount of difficulty in execution which it involved. With my good will this shall be my last hearing of one of Rossini's operas sung,—and said—in German. There was a talk of Benedict's 'Crusaders' to be given in its turn. At Lubek 'Norma' had been all the rage. At Hanover we found 'Die Huguenotten'; but I had seen the work more than once in the large opera-house of Germany, and too well know their inadequacy to its due production, as compared with such theatres as those in the Rue Lepelletier and Covent Garden, to desire to hear it there. In truth, 'Les Huguenots' demands not merely a very large corps of accomplished singers and excellent actors (such as I have never been lucky enough to meet in Germany), but also limitless resource as to scenic decoration, &c. &c. One 'Fidelio,' therefore, is worth twenty such pageant-tragedies to the opera-houses of Germany, if they are to continue to exist.

Now, since nationality is for the moment cried, bawled and chorused, by every living thing in Germany, to an excess of *forte* which would be strangely absurd were not its workings sad, (not like *Maholio* "sad and civil" but prophetic of strange discords)—I would fain put a friendly question or two to some of the young musicians who are streaming up and down the towns—at a loss, methinks, for occupation. Would it be amiss if some of them were to try to serve their Fatherland,—not by blatant defiance of the Danes,—not in anticipations of a Fleet in which Cocker's counterpoint has small share,—but in ending a state of matters so unsatisfactory to every German artist? Can they not give their theatres and music-shops something better than Conradin Kreutzer's weak lemonade and Flotow's weaker barley-water? One would think this was not difficult:—their band and dance music is still melodious, individual, and inspiring. Why is it, then, that so soon as they have action or passion to present they become there and then clumsy and vapid imitators? Why do Dessauer and Lindblad dream? Could not Herr Speyer or Herr Esser answer my question?—or must one ask it for yet a score of years to come? These last half score have gone by without a solitary success in German opera worth a penful of ink,—and the theatres have sunk accordingly.

A word or two on other matters. Herr Gade does not conduct the Leipzig concerts this winter; being replaced by Herr Rietz, if I mistake not, from Düsseldorf. Joachim, the young violinist, is under engagements of some length at Leipzig; so that possibly that town may still continue to be the heart whence the vitality of music strikes forth to the distant parts of the land. Young genius like Joachim's has just now a value to musical Germany closely akin to that of the Sibyl's last leaves, if travellers' tales be true. You have read praises of a new *prima donna*—Madame Köster,—who has been singing in the North with some success. She turns out to be Mdlle. Schlegel, who was at the Leipzig Opera nine years ago, and then possessed a voice fresh, rich, and promising; but I am assured that her rank as a vocalist is not very high.—And these are all my gleanings from Germany. *Hæu quantum mutatus!*

HAYMARKET.—The performance of 'The Patriarch's Daughter' was deferred until Monday, to give time for the rehearsal of a new scene introduced by the author into the fourth act. To make room for it, the conversation of the frivolous marriage guests is now cancelled. The scene itself, which is written in a high vein of poetry, has been inserted for the sake of justifying beforehand Mordaunt's repudiation of the marriage contract with which the act concludes, by setting out the circumstances in detail and the state of mind that led to so violent a resolve. The language of the subsequent scene has been mitigated, too. Mordaunt no longer gives Aunt Lydia or Pierre-point the lie:—an alteration which, though it may deprive the democrat of his characteristic fierceness, removes a dangerous piece of effect, prevents a shock to the feelings, and brings the situation itself within the limits of probability and of courtesy.

Mr. Creswick, to whom the part was intrusted, threw great energy into Mordaunt's address,—and so pronounced the defiance to Convention as to command a tumult of applause. Notwith-

standing the hardness of his style, Mr. Creswick is a meritorious, painstaking and intelligent actor; understanding his business, and subordinating the whole evidently to the dominion of a judicious will. But unfortunately this process often keeps down impulse, and taxes too much the attention both of actor and of audience. The aspiring politician and rising gentleman—in the latter attribute but yet a student, therefore yet somewhat rough and plain-speaking,—were admirably indicated. Nor did the more poetical sentiment of the character escape. The scene in the garden with Aunt Lydia, where the hero refers to the sun as outliving human honours and the soul of man as outliving the sun itself, was pronounced with a spiritual perception that spoke highly of the actor's intelligence.

The reader will perhaps recollect that Mabel was the part in which Miss Addison made her debut at Sadler's Wells. It is one to which she has evidently given much study, and in which she deserves great praise. There can be no doubt that her feeling is enthusiastic and poetic; and the prevalence of this feeling it was which commended her to the above-named suburban audience,—for whom the poetical play has been found to possess a remarkable attraction. As with her *Juliet*, Miss Addison has attempted to improve on her original conception of Mabel,—but in a different way. In the former, as we remarked in our last number, she aimed at greater chastity of style: in this she has experimented on greater force,—and in the struggle against the law of her *physique* exhibits an occasional fierceness which exaggerates the passion of the moment. It has been Miss Addison's fate, whether fortunate or otherwise, to grow up as an *artiste* by stage practice, not by professional instruction—and to trust to impulse rather than to method. Inferior in artistic requisites to Miss Faucit, she nevertheless exhibits a degree of spontaneity which makes her style, however crude, emphatically her own. Whatever want of finish may attach to it generally, it is not to be disputed, however, that Miss Addison possesses peculiar qualifications for such a part as Mabel.

The entire performance was enthusiastically received; and the audience appreciated some of the more recondite beauties of the piece that are not ordinarily perceived. This says much in favour of the present cast of the play:—for there can be no doubt that the points to which we allude were brought out by the discrimination of the performers engaged.

MARYLEBONE.—A new one-act piece by Mr. J. M. Morton, entitled 'The Midnight Watch' was produced last week. It has a good situation or two,—but no elevation of aim either in structure or dialogue. The plot is laid in the days of Robespierre; and the republican troops show the application of free principles by each man in the rank discussing the orders with the adjutant before obeying them. This makes a ludicrous scene. The piece is indebted for its success to the performers. Mr. Johnstone enacted an old soldier, named Pierre Delaroché, who has long been separated from his daughter Pauline (Miss Fanny Vining) under the supposition that she had deserted him for a seducer, who is in reality her husband, Antoine Duval (Mr. Craven). To rescue the latter from imprisonment, Pauline has taken his place in a dungeon; and he to facilitate her escape has disguised himself as a soldier,—in which capacity he volunteers to fill the office of the Midnight Watch, which of right belongs to the veteran Pierre. Meanwhile, father and daughter have met and explained; and Delaroché becomes anxious to withdraw the promise which he had made to resign the duty to Antoine. Insisting on its resumption, nothing remains but to render him incapable by administering an opiate to him in his potations; which his comrade manages to do, though the cautious old man persists in drinking nothing but water. While the latter sleeps, Antoine effects the release of his devoted wife; but the boat being pursued and attacked in which she was escaping, the whole action of the scene would have been frustrated had not an order to liberate all prisoners from the Convention arrived. Such is the "lame and impotent conclusion" to a piece of the merest handicraft—scarcely deserving critical mention.

OLYMPIC.—A week or two ago we found it our duty to write in terms of special praise of Mrs. Stie-

ling's *Juliana* in 'The Honeymoon';—we have now to record her similar success in Shakspeare's more celebrated *Kate* "the cursed." As on the former occasion, Mrs. Stirling gives a more refined version of the character than is usual to the stage; but she accompanies it with so much natural feeling and expression that it becomes as effective with "the general" as with "the particular." The different phases of the character are finely discriminated, and a sense of progress is instituted which carries on the audience from scene to scene with increasing interest and expectation. Mrs. Stirling is a great acquisition to this theatre. She was but indifferently supported by Mr. F. Vining in *Petruchio*;—but to make amends for this shortcoming, the part of *Grumio* was sustained by Mr. Compton with first-rate humour.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The home musical rumours of the hour are singularly few and unimportant. The two Sacred Harmonic Societies commence operations next week: the elder one, with a complete change of functionaries,—since we observe, in addition to the new appointments already gazetted, that the organ is now committed to Mr. Brownsmith. This is a step to be noted with satisfaction as tending to bring on the revival so often advocated by the *Athenæum*. Accomplished organists are nowhere more necessary than in England, where the performances of Handel's works are so frequent. There is every reason to believe that as it was used by him the organ effectively occupied the place of the group of wind instruments which (following Mozart's example) every new conductor has, since Mozart's time, thrust into Handel's scores. In Germany the use of the organ in the orchestra has never been popular,—indeed, it has hardly a place there,—hence the interpolations referred to. And those, if such there be, who make light of tradition may judge of the effect attainable and intended by examining the organ part which Mendelssohn supplied to the 'Israel.' This is merely what a master of his instrument in time would have been expected to play, by way of filling-up and enhancement; but it leaves small space to the re-scorers for the exercise of their labours—labours worse than questionable, unless the artist have the consummate experience of a Mozart or a Meyerbeer. We may have again and again to repeat these considerations; more especially, since the appointment of Mr. Brownsmith is only one among other "awakenings."

—We perceive that Her Majesty has just presented an organ, built for The Pavilion by Mr. Lincoln, to the Town-hall at Brighton. The instrument has been put into perfect order, and is to form an attraction at a charitable concert about to be given. The more of such benefactions and "features" that we have to enumerate the better will it be for the pleasure and profit of the musical world: since a school of great organ-players could hardly be assembled or brought into notice without the establishment of a school of sound composition being largely encouraged.

We have as yet seen no warning when (or whether at all) the *British Musicians* intend to commence their winter meetings. Some of the City choral societies seem ailing. It strikes us as unwise that the chamber-concerts of instrumental music, which demand the calmest attention and owe little of their support to "persons of quality," should be reserved for the time of year when entertainments are the most numerous and engagements the most clashing. Musicians, like managers, are too easily silenced by precedent and too timidly deficient in enterprise.

Mlle. de Roissi is announced as about to make her *début* at the Princess's Theatre in 'Norma.'

So much—or rather so little—for England. Were the *Athenæum* given to communications hieroglyphical, anagrammatic, or fantastical, the foreign musical news of the current week might be almost told by two letters—*c* and *e* major; these being the notes to which the composer of 'Elijah' set the words,

There is nothing!

The letter from Germany printed to-day is but in accordance with every communication, private or public, which reaches England from the Continent. A performance on a grand scale for the benefit of the Society of Artist-Musicians will be given to-morrow at Versailles, under the direction of M. Berlioz.—A mass by M. Adolphe Adam was performed on Sun-

day last in the chapel of that Palace.—At the *Grand Opéra*, M. Junca has been taking the part of the *Cardinal de Brogny* in 'La Juive.'—Madame Clari has not been successful as the screaming heroine of Verdi's 'Nabucco' at the *Théâtre Ventadour*. A rearrangement of Rossini's 'Viaggio a Reims' a *pièce d'occasion* written for the Coronation of Charles X., which the composer wrought up into 'Le Comte Ory' for the *Académie* has by this time been tried there.—This is all.

Meanwhile, emigration naturally becomes a favourite expedient. A good many instrumentalists and singers are just now taking flight for the New World,—where there is much to be done, for the future no less than for the present, by any one having patience, sagacity, and knowledge. Madame Laborde, that brilliant vocalist, whom we have for some time missed, is in America, with her better half. M. Maretzky, too, late chorus-master for Mr. Lumley and M. Julien, has gone over to New York, in the double character of conductor and composer, and has been presiding at "a musical festival" in "the Broadway Tabernacle." M. Strakosch appeared there as show-pianist.

The same number of the *New York Literary World* whence we derive the above tidings announces the first appearance there of Mr. Macready. We had already seen an amusing account in other papers of an extemporized congress of rival managers who met him at Boston—each having hurried down from New York, with a view to engaging him, as soon as the steamer which carried him was telegraphed. This race of managers has furnished a farce to one of the minor theatres under the title of 'Who's got Macready?'—"He played," says the *Literary World*, "with undiminished ability; and in his speech, in answer to an anonymous assailant in one of the newspapers, asked the audience 'if he was superannuated?' The response, of course, denoted that the anonymous doubter was in a decided minority of one."—These confessions, confidences, and rejoinders from the stage in which our excellent tragedian is given to indulge seem somewhat out of taste.—Foreign journals tell us that Mlle. Rachel (who is bound by her compact as *sociétaire* to appear in no other French theatre if she takes leave of the Rue Richelieu) meditates exhibiting the heroines of French classical tragedy to the playgoers of America. Verily, ours are the days of the *Propaganda* as well as of Emigration!

The appearance on the London boards of a son of the late Mr. John Reeve which we some time since announced as forthcoming took place at the Lyceum on Wednesday. That the public is not forgetful of its ancient favourites Mr. Reeve had good reason to see in the reception which he received from those on whom the name of his father is "a word to conjure with." The sense of the favour thus bestowed and of its cause was at once an encouragement and a restraint; as the actor's intention to reproduce the well-known style of his father was both a recommendation and a disadvantage—subjecting the young actor to the trials of a contrast. Mr. Reeve's *début* is a success; but the exact extent and nature of it will be appreciated only when these causes have ceased to operate so directly either for good or for evil, and when the independent manner of the actor shall come freely and naturally out.

Miss Kelly has commenced a series of readings of Shakspeare's plays at the Whittington Club in the Strand. The first of these took place on Monday last—its subject being 'The Merchant of Venice.' On Monday next she will read 'Romeo and Juliet'—and on Monday the 13th of November 'Measure for Measure.'

It is a pleasure to stumble upon something new in this age of the commonplace and something striking in these days of matter-of-fact. This consideration does not leave us at liberty to withhold from our readers all taste of a literary performance which was to "come off" last night at the Literary Institution in Leicester Square, though too late for us to give any account of the lecture itself. It is scarcely probable, however, that the lecturer can have said anything more curious than he has already issued in his bill,—a quotation from which will probably at once excite their appetite and satisfy it. In any case, it is as much as could be good for their digestion.

"There can be no doubt," says this *New Light* of

the lecture-room, "that the greatest literary problem of the present day is the AUTHENTICITY of those numerous Dramatic Compositions called SHAKESPEARE. Philologists in their restless anxiety to discover him, have conjectured his Birth and Residence in a vulgar Tenement in Stratford-on-Avon, and that his Father was a Butcher. Some state him to have been a Glover, while others invest him with the trade of a Wool Carder! It is evident, therefore, from these contradictory statements, that there is no authentic Document to establish his identity or existence. Of another important fact we must not lose sight, that AS YET NO WRITTEN LINE OR WORD, with His Signature SUBSCRIBED, has ever been discovered so as to give evidence that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE had at any period ever existed in human form. We are in the same doubt regarding the existence of Ben Jonson, Chaucer, Spenser, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c., as well as those of Virgil, Homer, Josephus, Plutarch, Pliny, and other Classical Authors."

"The resolving of these problems,—by which it will be demonstrated that they are all SPIRITUAL IDEAS, to whom Temples were erected by our Pagan forefathers—will be undertaken by" a gentleman who signs himself Edward S. Dickson, and qualifies himself as a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn. "Females and youths" are excluded from Mr. Dickson's audience for a reason which also we give in the words of the bill, because to translate it into our own we must first understand it:—"as the representations of the Drama were originally founded on the Sacred (or Secret) rights and ceremonies of mysticism or mythology, and for which reason they have ever been, and are to the present time, denounced by the clergy as immodest and profane,—so," &c. &c. As we have stated who are forbidden, we may as well point out who are bidden, to hear the wisdom of this "special original,"—to quote the language of Mr. Dickson's own profession.—

"To the Antiquarian, to the Builder, to the Archaeologist, to the Clergy, to Academics, and to Jurists, and particularly to the numerous bodies of Puritans, Quakers, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Anna, i.e., AISE Baptists—so called from their receiving the Sacrament of Baptism at a mature or elder age, called in French *AISE*—this Evening's SEANCE cannot fail of imparting much novelty, as well as useful information, and of being considered by them both instructive and interesting."

Veniet de plebe togata.

Qui juris nodos et legum æmignata solvat.

Juv."

Let us again remind our readers that these oracles were to be delivered in Leicester Square. They might otherwise be apt to "lay the venue" over the water, somewhere between the Obelisk and Westminster Bridge.

The French journals speak in the highest praise of Bouffé's newly-created part in 'Le Buvreur d'Eau'—a temperance drama, in which "strong waters" are the elixir *mortis*, and the delinquent almost becomes the murderer of his own child in a fit of frenzy. Since England has "many a time and oft" ministered ideas to French dramatic construction, we may ask, without being accused of a grasping nationality, whether the inspiration of this moral lesson, made by the actor's power so terribly impressive, may not have come out of Mr. George Cruikshank's 'Bottle'?

#### MISCELLANEA

**Building on the Inclosure, Leicester Square.**—Preparations have commenced within the inclosure, Leicester Square, to convert that hitherto useless spot of ground into an Exchange Bazaar, to be called the Royal Victoria Arcade Bazaar. There will be four distinct entrances—one at each angle of the square—the arcade being in the form of a cross, the statue of King George the First forming its centre, round which will be constructed a circular promenade, open to the air. Within each angle an ornamental fountain will be constructed, to be supplied with water from the Artesian wells that furnish those in Trafalgar Square. This ground was originally leased to Miss Linwood by the Crown, together with the opposite building, known as Saville Palace, with an express covenant that it was not to be built over. In consideration of the highly-ornamental character of the proposed construction, and the vast improvement it will be to the neighbourhood, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests are understood to have consented to the erection.—*Daily News*.

**Death of Thomas Gray, the Railway "Pioneer."**—During the last week Thomas Gray, whose friends claim for him the titles of "author of the railway system" and the railway "pioneer," died at Exeter, in the sixty-first year of his age. Though not an engineer, he was contemporary with the late George



Stephenson. His name was brought into note by the publication, in 1820, of a work entitled 'Observations on a General Iron Railway; or, Land Steam Conveyance to supersede the necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles, showing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful Methods of Conveyance by Turnpike-Roads, Canals, and Coasting-traders.' At the time Mr. Gray's book was written, all that was known of railways was as they then existed in the rude tramways at Newcastle and its collieries, and considerably before the construction of those earliest of our railways, the Stockton and Darlington, and Liverpool and Manchester. The gist of Mr. Gray's suggestion was to carry out a comprehensive railway at one stride over the whole United Kingdom—in fact, to make a simultaneous system to all the principal towns, instead of making the work a labour of section and degree. The progress of the railway system, however, proved that this was impracticable in many, but more especially in monetary, points of view—and the suggestion, from its very comprehensiveness, perished. In 1825 Mr. Gray petitioned Parliament and Sir R. Peel, but received no encouragement. Latterly he was reduced to poverty, and sold glass on commission. Appeals were made to the railway world on his behalf, but they met with no response, and it is said that he died broken-hearted.—*Morning Paper*.

"*Melancholy Accidents.*"—An American paper says that an old bachelor who edits a paper somewhere in the western country puts "Melancholy Accidents" as a head for marriages in his paper.

*The Military and Naval Expenditure of England.*—How few people ever realize in their own minds what is the meaning of a sum of money such as 18,500,000*l.* a year, spent for the support of a warlike establishment. It was well observed by Mr. Henry Drummond that such sums convey no more idea ordinarily of what is meant than astronomers do when they speak of the distance of this planet from the sun. The best way of impressing it on people's minds is by comparing it with something that they come in contact with in ordinary life. A Manchester man will understand us when we say that the above sum would pay for all the buildings in this borough—that two years of such expenditure would devour a sum equal to the whole of the capital employed in the cotton trade. A farmer would comprehend what we meant if we spoke of a fund which, if employed in agriculture, would pay 10*s.* a week to more than 700,000 labourers throughout the year—as much as is paid to all the peasantry in England and Wales—or as much as would drain every year upwards of 4,000,000 acres of land. Now, if this huge outlay be necessary to preserve our shores from being invaded, our towns destroyed, and our fertile fields ravaged, then it cannot be called unproductive; on the contrary, it would enter into all production, since all capital and labour would depend upon the security afforded by our armaments for their safe employment. But every soldier not necessary for defence, and every ship of war more than is required for our security, are a pure waste and destruction of capital, yielding no return whatever.—*Manchester Times*.

*Platina* having been discovered in the Alps by M. Gueymard, a retired mining engineer, the Conseil-Général des Mines has authorized searches to be made in that part of the Alps which is on the frontier of the Department of the Isère. M. Gueymard supposes, from the nature of the soil, that deposits of platina will be found in several localities. The discovery of the metal is of importance.—*Galignani*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. R.—Mrs. H.—A. W.—J. P.—Typographicus—W. H. L.—J. A. W.—A. W. C.—T. R.—J. N.—Audax et Prævidens—received.

F. E. is informed that the word "received" under this head means *received*—and no more. This has been so often stated, that we state it again only because of the reason given by F. E.

*Aurora Borealis.*—We have received from Mr. Lowe, of Highfield House Observatory, near Nottingham, and Mr. Miller, of Whitehaven, elaborate and apparently valuable accounts of a remarkable display of this phenomenon which was seen on the 18th inst. The descriptions are too good to be spoilt by abstracting for the minor features are the valuable parts—and too long for us to print. We recommend the writers to communicate them in quarters more exclusively scientific than our journal. We may say once for all, that we are unable to make room for minute accounts of meteorological phenomena, except under very special circumstances.

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